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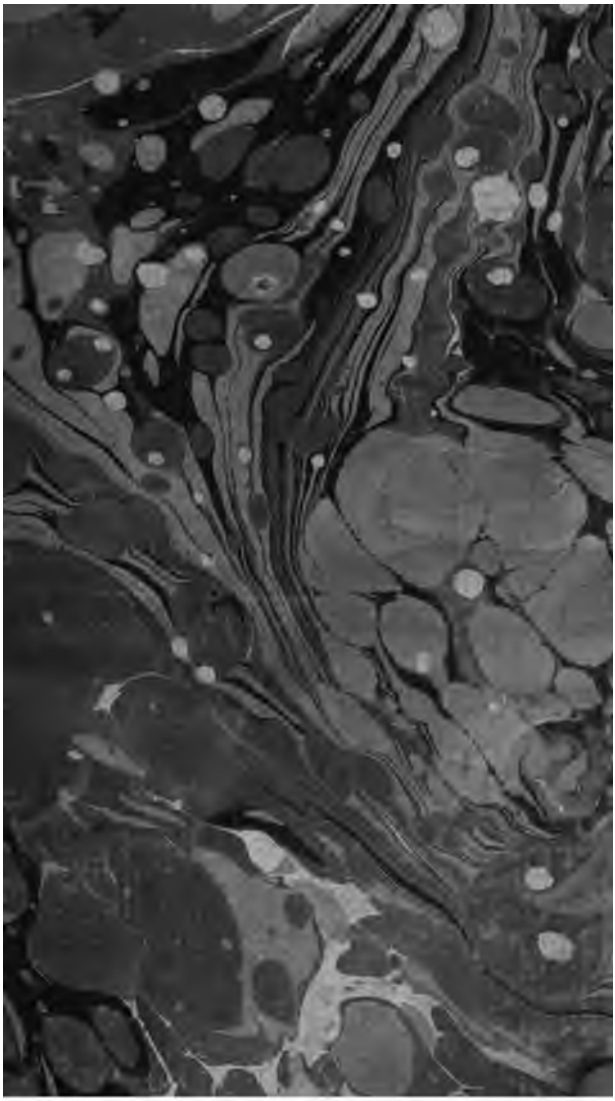


Thomas Nixon.

Presented by the Author

Cassandra Nixon

This Lady was Cassandra younger
daughter of Sir Edward Turne
of Ambrosden Oxfordshire - s
& she married 16 January 1771
Martin Bladen 6th Baronet Bar
Hawke of Towton - Of this
marriage there were two sons
& four daughters - Lord Hawk
is said to have been "benevolen
and amiable" "of great informa
& of a literary turn" - He died
March 27 - 1806 -

JULIA DE GRAMONT.

VOL. I.

JULIA DE GRAMONT,

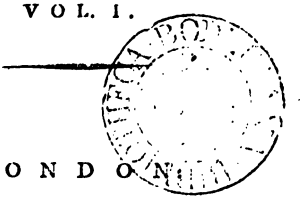
BY

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY H****.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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JULIA DE GRAMONT.

THE Duke de Gramont was rich, great, and powerful, luxurious, haughty, and inflexible: a lovely wife, whoſe alliance had doubled his immenſe property, had left him only two daughters; but he was determined to remedy the misfortune of not having a ſon, by the greateſt act of injuſtice of which a father could be capable—his eldeſt

daughter was deſtined to tranſmit his name and poſſeſſions to poſterity by ſome ſplendid union, while the younger was devoted to a cloiſtered life.

Although the fate of Henrietta ſeemed to promiſe a milder proſpect than that of Julia, yet ſhe was more indebted to her kind ſtars, than to a parent, for her happineſs. Without conſulting her choice, or even her inclination, the Duke de Gramont concluded with the Count de Senanges a ſolemn treaty of marriage between their children; and the young lady received the commands of her father to quit, for a few hours, the convent where ſhe had been educated with her ſiſter,

to

to be preſented to the young Count, whom the next week was to unite to her for ever.

The lovely Henrietta, accuſtomed to obedience, expreſſed no oppoſition to this peremptory ſummons; but her young heart felt all the horrors, of which a mind is capable, that knows its doom inevitable; ſhe dreaded nothing ſo much as an union with one, whom ſhe could not prefer to all mankind.

The appointed morning came; with the moſt painful emotions ſhe embraced her ſiſter; but ſhe returned in the evening with a countenance, which indicated, that her apprehenſions had given place to tenderer ſentiments. "Ah, my

" dear Julia!" ſhe exclaimed on entering, " felicitate your happy Hen-
" rietta.—Monſieur de Senanges
" is amiable; and I no longer
" conſider my approaching union
" with him as a ſacrifice to duty.
" But, alas! my ſiſter, can I look
" forward to a ſeparation from
" you, without the moſt poignant
" ſorrow? Ah! we will not, muſt
" not, part! I ſhall exact, as a
" proof of the regard my new lover
" has profeſſed, the employment
" of his intereſt with my father
" to obtain permiſſion for your
" continuance the firſt twelve-
" month with me."—" Rather,"
replied the lovely Julia, " knowing
" too well my deſtiny, why will you
" not

" not teach me to avoid a world
" which I muſt one day renounce
" by the moſt ſolemn vows."

The Duke de Gramont, delighted with the thoughts of the additional wealth, which a connexion with the Count would introduce into his family, was reſolved to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter, by every demonſtration of joy. All his acquaintance received invitations to attend the ceremony; and even the devoted Julia was ſuffered to accompany her bridal ſiſter, and to exhibit, before an admiring multitude, that enchanting beauty which a father deſtined to be entombed for ever.

The charming ſiſters obeyed the commands of the Duke, by adorning themſelves upon this day with a brilliancy ſuitable to the occaſion. Their native beauty was heightened by every advantage, which the moſt ſplendid decorations could ſupply; and they appeared, before a gazing throng, like two divinities. Every eye was eager to behold the lovely daughters of Gramont, who till that moment had never publicly been ſeen beyond the limits of their convent walls.

Monſieur de Senanges, who from the firſt hour of his introduction had felt the irreſiſtible influence of Henrietta's attractions,

led

led his beauteous bride to the altar, with a tranſported air; where the Duke preſented him with that hand, which formed the happineſs of his future life.

The timid Julia, with downcaſt eyes, followed her ſiſter's ſteps, vainly attempting to elude the attention of the numerous gazers, that ſurrounded them. Four years younger than Madame de Senanges, Mademoiſelle de Gramont was ſome months turned of eighteen; and that beauty, which promiſed her innumerable conqueſts, ſhone in its full meridian: education had added every grace to the embelliſhments of nature; Julia having received, ſince her dawning infancy, each

ſentiment, which could ennoble and correct the heart, from the attentions of a moſt excellent and accompliſhed woman, who was placed with theſe lovely ſiſters at the convent, and who poſſeſſed a heart fraught with every virtue.

Madame de Tourville loved her young pupils with maternal fondneſs; ſhe had been the boſom friend and companion of the Ducheſs of Gramont; who, in her laſt moments, recommended their infant minds to her cultivation; and ſhe diſcharged the ſacred truſt, with a ſtrength of attachment, which was rewarded on their part by every mark of filial affection. The young heart of Julia, while

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in the convent, ſubmitted to its dull uniformity with apparent reſignation, though ſecretly lamenting a deſtiny which excluded her for ever from a world ſhe was ſo well qualified to adorn. If Mademoiſelle de Gramont had formed high notions of the allurements of ſociety, the gay and ſplendid ſcenes, which now preſented themſelves to her view, realized every idea; the thoughts of a convent vaniſhed from her mind, and gave place to the brilliant viſion before her.

When in the evening the company aſſembled in a magnificent ball-room, thinking Madame de Tourville, who ſeldom quitted her, was near, "My God," exclaimed ſhe,

ſhe, " what a delightful place! Oh,
" my dear monitreſs, the world,
" which you repreſented joyleſs as
" a deſert, appears to me a para-
" diſe!"—" A ſpot inhabited by
" an angel like yourſelf, Madam,"
replied a voice cloſe behind her,
" would render a deſert heaven!"
The timid Julia ſtarted; and,
bluſhing at the unguarded words,
that had eſcaped her, turned haſtily
around, when ſhe perceived this
gallantry was addreſſed to her by
the young Chevalier de Soiſſons,
whom Monſieur de Senanges had
already preſented to her as his fa-
vourite friend. Almoſt at the ſame
inſtant the Count, advancing,
heightened her confuſion, by re-
queſting

queſting her to honour the Chevalier with her hand in the dance; ſhe anſwered not, but by her bluſhing confuſion appeared irreſolute; till Madame de Tourville, approaching; "The Duke, Ma-"demoiſelle," ſaid ſhe, "com-"mands you to accept the partner "whom the Count de Senanges "ſhall preſent to you." The young Chevalier, thus authoriſed, taking the hand which Julia yielded with a graceful dignity, led his fair partner to join the myſtic dance.

Fourteen days were ſpent in a conſtant ſucceſſion of diverſions; when now the ſeaſon of the year, which was the advanced ſpring, had

had diſperſed the nobleſſe to their reſpective caſtles, a day was fixed for the removal of the young Count and Counteſs de Senanges. Henrietta and Julia, who were endeared to each other by the tendereſt affection, ſaw the period approach, with the agitations of hope and fear; they mutually dreaded a ſeparation; Henrietta could not think of reſigning her ſiſter, without the moſt poignant regret; nor could Julia, unmoved, reflect upon her return to a ſolitude, now rendered more abhorrent than ever from her inclinations. The Count was too tenderly attached to his charming wife to ſee her weep, without intereſting himſelf

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in her concern; and Mademoiſelle de Gramont was too amiable not to make Monſieur de Senanges ſolicitous for her continuance with her ſiſter: he made a perſonal application to the Duke; who, judging of his diſpoſition by his own, imagined, that he might venture to intruſt the devoted Julia to the care of thoſe, whoſe intereſt it was that ſhe ſhould take the veil.—"I reſign her to your entreaties," ſaid he—"but remember, ſhe is "an offering dedicated to heaven. "I rely upon your guarding her "conduct, and preventing the "poſſibility of her forming any "engagements, incompatible with "thoſe ſacred vows, which it is my

"fixed

" fixed determination ſhe ſhould " accompliſh. After a few months " ſpent with the Counteſs, her " ſiſter, I ſhall reſtore her to the " convent, which will ſecure her " from the temptations of a dan- " gerous world; and her proba- " tionary year muſt then com- " mence."

The young Count flew with raptures to his lovely wife, bearing the tidings of unhoped ſucceſs; and they quitted Paris the next day to enjoy repoſe in the enchanting retreats of the caſtle of Senanges, after the fatigues of gaiety and diſſipation.

During the nuptial feſtivity, Mademoiſelle de Gramont had beheld herſelf

herſelf the little deity, at whoſe ſhrine was offered univerſal homage; her beauty, her youth, her modeſty, her ſweetneſs, were irreſiſtible attractions: but the admiration of hundreds was unregarded by her; diſſimulation and coquetry were ſtrangers to that innocent boſom, animated only by the delicate ſenſibility of conſcious innocence. The attentions of the amiable and accompliſhed Auguſtus de Soiſſons were the only attentions which ſhe obſerved, and received with pleaſure—a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions and kindred virtues ſoon imperceptibly united their affections. Tenderly, however, as Monſieur de Soiſſons loved the fair

fair ſiſter of Henrietta, the ſecret for ſome time was divulged only by his eyes; his lips were cloſed in timid ſilence; he trembled at the idea of hazarding a rejection: too ſenſible that the happineſs or miſery of his future life depended on a return of his diſintereſted paſſion, he was conſcious that he had no pretenſions to the daughter of Gramont; and, being the youngeſt of three brothers, that he could alone hope to advance his fortune from a ſucceſs in military honours. The day before they quitted Paris the Chevalier repaired to the hotel de Senanges, to take his leave of this amiable family: he found his friend engaged in acquainting

the

the ſiſters with his ſucceſsful embaſſy to the Duke. "Come Soiſſons," cried the Count, "partake of our domeſtic felicity; you muſt follow us to Senanges, and participate our rural pleaſures." The invitation was too flattering to Auguſtus, to meet with a rejection: his impaſſioned looks ſought the averted eyes of Julia, tenderly anxious to diſcover her ſentiments; and he quitted the hotel, with a promiſe of rejoining the family ſhortly at Senanges.

Mademoiſelle de Gramont accompanied her ſiſter with a ſatiſfaction, heightened by her fears, that the Duke would not have granted ſuch a proof of his indulgence.

A few months extenſion of liberty ſeemed to her an age of delight; and ſhe loſt even the ideas of her impending fate, in the ſcene of preſent happineſs. Hope, that inſinuating deluſive phantom, the heart's gay flatterer in our ſpring of life, baniſhed awhile each painful apprehenſion; and her gentle boſom became the ſerene repoſitory of ſmiling pleaſure.

The arrival of the Count de Senanges at his caſtle was ſoon followed by that of the Chevalier de Soiſſons: he was received with joy by his beloved friend, with the cordiality of friendſhip by the Counteſs, and by her fair ſiſter with delicate reſerve, and ſilent

ſweetneſs:

ſweetneſs: Julia appeared to her enamoured lover with ten thouſand new and undiſcovered graces: if, amidſt the blaze of jewels and parade of ornament, ſhe ſhone with unrivalled charms; how conſpicuouſly beamed the native lovelineſs of her perſon, in the unadorned ſimplicity of her country attire! if the brilliant Mademoiſelle de Gramont had attracted Monſieur de Soiſſons; how did the rural Julia faſcinate his heart!

For ſome days the timorous Auguſtus impoſed upon his tongue a ſacred ſilence; which however left no one in ignorance at the caſtle of an attachment, viſible in his every look and action; and, fatally

for the lovely Julia, her boſom became but too ſenſible of the merits of the amiable Chevalier.

Madame de Tourville beheld with regret this mutual flame, anticipating the evils it would inevitably cauſe. She was a thouſand times tempted to point out the danger to her young charge, and to offer every argument in her power, to eraſe, if poſſible, ſo unfortunate a prepoſſeſſion: her prudence and diſcretion however convinced her, on reflection, that, by informing Julia of the diſcovery ſhe had made, ſhe could only increaſe a paſſion, which the recollection of her fair friend might ſmother in its birth. Madame de Tourville,

Tourville, ſatisfied from theſe conſiderations, hinted only her apprehenſions of the dangerous conſequences of this inauſpicious love to Madame de Senanges, and urged the ſtrongeſt reaſons for prevailing on the Chevalier to quit an object ſo irreſiſtibly charming: notwithſtanding all his virtues, ſhe was too well aſſured the hand of Julia could never be obtained from a father ſo inflexible: the Counteſs ſuffered her tenderneſs for her ſiſter, to ſilence theſe objections, and to ſubdue her fears; ſhe indulged a hope that the Duke de Gramont might be diſſuaded, by the Count's interpoſition, from his firſt deſign, and that their joint entreaties might

prevail upon her father, to unite his daughter to the object of her affections, and to grant her a ſhare in that fortune, too ample for the diſintereſted ſpirit of Monſieur and Madame de Senanges.

Madame de Tourville, who better knew the inexorable temper of the haughty Duke, felt all the weakneſs of theſe fallacious arguments: ſhe waited in ſilent ſorrow the event of an attachment which promiſed nothing but the moſt poignant diſappointment; confirming herſelf in the reſolution not to mention the fatal ſubject to Mademoiſelle de Gramont: but, notwithſtanding all her caution to prevent any opportunity for the declaration

declaration of the Chevalier's ſentiments, the young lovers had exchanged their mutual vows, without reflecting on the unſurmountable obſtacle, which oppoſed their wiſhes: abſorbed only in the tender ſympathy of a virtuous paſſion, they ſaw not the dangers which ſurrounded them.

The innocent Julia, when ſhe had betrayed the ſecrets of her heart to her beloved Auguſtus, as a reward due to the avowal of his generous flame, untutored in the wiles of diſguiſe, flew to her ſiſter, and beloved monitreſs, to whom, with bluſhing cheek, ſhe told her artleſs tale. Madame de Tourville wept over her young charge in

ſpeechleſs ſorrow; but Henrietta embracing Julia, aſſured her, that the Count would uſe every perſuaſive argument with the Duke de Gramont, to promote their union. The young lovers, flattered by ideas ſo alluring, ſuffered the ſweet enchantreſs Hope to ſuſpend every fear, that threatened obſtacles to their mutual happineſs: but alas! too ſoon the viſionary ſcene was changed.

A courier from the Duke de Gramont brought diſpatches to the Count, which deſtroyed each tender expectation love had formed. The contents were to the following effect; that "an alliance with one "of the moſt illuſtrious families in

"France

" France having been propoſed to
" him, he had altered his deſigns
" relative to Julia; who, he could
" not doubt, would joyfully ex-
" change the retirement of a con-
" vent, for the ſplendid deſtiny,
" which now awaited her: that
" though the perſonage who had
" ſo generouſly diſtinguiſhed his
" daughter by the offer of his diſ-
" intereſted hand, without the con-
" ſideration of fortune, was paſt
" the meridian of his age; there
" was yet nothing in his figure, or
" addreſs, which could diſpleaſe
" an unprejudiced eye. He added,
" that though he could ſcarce ad-
" mit an idea contrary to the
" opinion he had formed of the

" duty

" duty and obedience of Julia;
" yet, were it poſſible ſhe could
" encourage the leaſt repugnance to
" comply with his commands, that
" a convent would be her ſole alter-
" native; to whoſe everlaſting con-
" finement he ſhould immediately
" conſign her, with a parent's
" curſe upon her rebellious head!"
A mournful ſilence followed the concluſion of this fatal letter, which blaſted the hopes of the moſt amiable pair, that love had ever united.

After a pathetic pauſe, Julia, claſping together her uplifted hands, while her countenance pourtrayed her agonizing mind, thus exclaimed; " Since then I muſt
" become a victim, I will renounce
" a world,

" a world, where happineſs is not
" my lot.— Yes, cruel father!
" your daughter, doomed by you
" to wretchedneſs, ſhall keep at
" leaſt her faith inviolate: denied
" the privilege of beſtowing my
" hand, where I have given my
" heart; no other mortal ſhall re-
" ceive my vows; — to God and
" heaven I devote myſelf from
" this hour. Open your maſſy
" bars, ye hallowed walls! admit,
" for the ſad remnant of her
" wretched days, a hapleſs ſacrifice
" to filial duty." As ſhe pronoun-
ced theſe words ſhe ſunk upon the
ground; where ſhe remained ſome
moments oppreſſed by animated,
ſpeechleſs, woe!

The

The Chevalier, reſting on one knee, ſupported in his arms the beauteous victim, with every mark of unutterable deſpair imprinted on his features; while the Counteſs and Madame de Tourville, incapable of offering conſolation, vented their grief in tears: Monſieur de Senanges, though ſtrongly moved, was the firſt who broke the ſolemn ſilence: he had taken time for reflection, and remonſtrated to his afflicted audience, that theſe demonſtrations of concern were unavailing, and they ſhould rather invoke the aid of reaſon to aſſiſt in reſolving which alternative Mademoiſelle de Gramont could chooſe in a caſe ſo abſolute. "Then," exclaimed the

the deſpairing lover, continuing on his knees, and graſping the hand of the fair ſtatue, " let me conjure " my ſweet, my adorable Julia, " by all our promiſed happineſs, " by all thoſe vows we regiſtered " in heaven, to take the only me- " thod fate allows for one ray of " future hope: ſeclude not from " my ſight, by an eternal ſepara- " tion, that beauteous form: — " The barriers of a convent muſt " be ever ſhut to love and me: — " Oh! rather obey a cruel father." " How, Chevalier!" interrupted Mademoiſelle de Gramont, riſing, " is it from you I receive ſuch a " propoſal? Can Auguſtus become " advocate in a rival's cauſe, and

" urge

" urge me to transfer to another
" that eſteem, which I had vowed
" to him?" " Heaven forbid,"
replied the Chevalier with an im-
paſſioned look,—" reſerve for hap-
" pier days that invaluable heart,
" to bleſs the faithful Soiſſons;
" whoſe conſtancy no time ſhall
" ſhake, and ſecure by this ſole
" though dreadful means thy wi-
" dowed hand to him." She
gazed for a moment with fixed
aſtoniſhment, then exclaimed —
" And ſhall that Julia, whoſe deli-
" cacy of ſentiment you have ſo
" partially approved; ſhall ſhe with
" unprecedented diſhonour vow at
" the ſacred altar faith to a huſ-
" band; while her apoſtate heart
" cheriſhes

" cheriſhes the remembranc of a
" lover." —— " Can then that
" heart be leſs delicate towards thy
" God!" replied the Chevalier;
" and while it ſcruples to deceive
" a mortal, will it not recoil with
" horror from the idea of offering
" impious vows at his ſhrine, whoſe
" omniſcient eye ſees all things?"
Theſe words ſunk deep into the mind of Julia, already impreſſed by the ſoft pleadings of reſiſtleſs love; ſhe pauſed, and thus proceeded: " Alas! how wretched is
" my fate; — condemned to de-
" ceive my huſband, or betray my
" God! But Chevalier," ſhe continued, aſſuming an air of dignity,
" if vanquiſhed by your argu-
" ments,

" ments, I ſhould ſo far combat
" with the prepoſſeſſions of my
" heart, as to ſacrifice my deareſt
" affections to my duty; will you
" ſwear never voluntarily to ſee
" me more? or, ſhould unavoid-
" able chance bring you into my
" preſence, can you forget the
" lover in the friend? for ah!
" Auguſtus, theſe tears are the laſt
" teſtimonies, which honour can
" permit, of an attachment un-
" ſanctified by heaven.—Farewell!
" wiſh not to detain me, leſt you
" weaken my faint reſolves; ſuffer
" me to withdraw to my apart-
" ment, where I ſhall endeavour
" at leaſt to ſteel my heart againſt
" a tenderneſs, ſo fatal to my peace

and

" and to the obedience I owe a
" father. Farewell! and remem-
" ber too, amiable Soiſſons, that if
" I yield to ſuch reaſons, they
" were urged by you; and the
" ſacrifice I make is too ſurely
" that of love, yet more than
" duty."— With theſe words, tak-
ing Madame de Tourville by the
hand, ſhe precipitately left the
room. Monſieur de Soiſſons, not-
withſtanding her prohibition, would
have intercepted the retreat of
Mademoiſelle de Gramont, but
was withheld by the Count; who,
with the Counteſs, urged every
perſuaſion to reconcile his ſubmiſ-
ſion to an event inevitable. They
flattered him with the idea, that,

as the deſtined huſband of their Julia was in the decline of life, an early widowhood might ſet her hand at liberty. He faintly ſmiled, while his boſom heaved a gentle ſigh; confeſſing, that he catched at this hated marriage as the laſt reſource of deſpairing hope, conſcious that it could alone ſecure him from the more inſupportable evil of ſeeing her, on whom his ſoul doated, torn irrevocably from him by thoſe vows, which not even time itſelf had power to cancel. His illuſtrious friends ſtrengthened him in theſe inſpiring hopes; but they found great difficulty in perſuading him to relinquiſh the thoughts of another interview with Julia,

which

which could have yielded no conſolation to either party, but muſt have inevitably been productive of the keeneſt pangs in the hour of ſeparation. To theſe remonſtrances the Chevalier yielded with reluctance; and, leaving a pathetic letter to his loſt Julia, in the hands of her ſiſter, he threw himſelf into the carriage, and committed himſelf to the conduct of his friend, (who was anxious to accompany him to Paris): he took a tender leave of the fair Counteſs, with a promiſe to renew his viſit, when the too lovely Julia had been torn from their embrace.

While Auguſtus, previous to his departure, was employed in

writing a ſad adieu to the object of his deareſt wiſhes, the Count ſat down to anſwer the Duke's arbitrary letter, with the information of his daughter's immediate ſubmiſſion to his commands. He then requeſted an interview with Mademoiſelle de Gramont, whom he tenderly aſſured, that he would accompany the Chevalier, and hoped to return in a day or two, with the pleaſing intelligence of his friend's reſignation to his fate. "Yes," replied the beauteous mourner, endeavouring in vain to ſuppreſs her emotions, "you muſt "aid him to forget an object, but "a few ſhort weeks ago totally "unknown to him. — Fatal ac-

"quaintance!

" quaintance! yet perhaps he may
" find the taſk leſs arduous than
" his preſent ſentiments may con-
" ceive. Time and eternal ab-
" ſence will efface a paſſion ſo ill-
" fated, ſo unavailing! But, alas!
" what horrors now await the
" wretched Julia! Heaven per-
" mits her not, in ſolitude, to
" breathe her ſorrows; even the
" ſad luxury of grief muſt be de-
" nied to her, whoſe perjured
" tongue is doomed to utter vows
" which a repugnant heart can
" never ſeal. Oh, Soiſſons! what
" a ſacrifice have you impoſed,
" and I ſubmitted to."—As ſhe
cloſed this ſentence, the power of
woe ſeemed to ſuppreſs her plain-

tive voice, and ſhe ſunk upon a ſofa, overwhelmed by tears. The feeling heart of the Count de Senanges was ſenſibly affected; and, unable to reſtrain the force of his emotions, he committed this dear, diſconſolate, and lovely ſiſter, to the ſoothing attentions of Madame de Tourville, and precipitately ruſhed out of the apartment. When the carriage drove from the door, the weeping Counteſs haſtened to her Julia: ſhe approached, and folded her to her boſom; the ſweet mourner raiſed her humid eyes, and gazing at Henrietta with expreſſive earneſtneſs, "Ah," exclaimed ſhe, "he "is then gone! Julia muſt never

"ſee

" ſee Auguſtus more! Heaven, it
" is thy decree, and I ſubmit;
" farewell happineſs — ye viſionary
" hopes, farewell! Come, filial
" duty, animate my heart with thy
" tyrannic laws; let me be all
" the daughter —— my father!
" thou art well revenged: that re-
" bel child who dared, without
" parental ſanction, to receive the
" vows of love, by the ſacrifice of
" her worldly felicity, ſhall expiate
" her guilt."

From that hour Mademoiſelle de Gramont endeavoured to aſſume an air of reſignation; and, beſeeching the Counteſs and Madame de Tourville to name no more before her an object whom honour now

required her to baniſh as much as poſſible from her remembrance, ſhe had the heroic reſolution to refuſe accepting the letter which her ſiſter, in juſtice to the Chevalier's laſt requeſt, could not forbear offering; but her looks, her ſighs, confeſſed the ſacrifice ſhe made to that delicacy of ſentiment, which eminently diſtinguiſhed her character.

The following morning, Henrietta received a letter from the Count, informing her, that he found it neceſſary to retard his return to Senanges, for two days, as he was unwilling to forſake his unfortunate friend, while he remained in Paris: that it was the intention

intention of the Chevalier to comply with the wiſhes of his father, from whom he found a letter, requeſting his preſence for a few days. Madame de Senanges felt a momentary regret, that ſhe muſt mourn the abſence of her lord, at a period when ſhe ſtood ſo much in need of his tender conſolation; but friendſhip prevailed over every ſelfiſh conſideration; and ſhe ſubmitted with that diſintereſted grace which ever marked her actions. The day but one preceding the expected return of the Count, the ſudden arrival of the Duke de Gramont rouſed the mourning ſiſters from their lethargy of ſorrow.

Accuſtomed

Accuſtomed to ſee this awful father, from their earlieſt infancy, with terror, what were their emotions upon the preſent occaſion! Henrietta, who, by her obedience in accepting a deſtined huſband, had nothing to fear for herſelf; had every thing to dread for a beloved ſiſter, ſhould ſhe find herſelf unequal to the taſk of ſubmitting to his commands with reſignation. The abſence of the Count was now rendered more particularly painful; and ſhe appeared before her father with agitations, which were viſible in her countenance. When ſhe informed him, that Monſieur de Senanges was detained at Paris, the Duke replied, he ſhould

ſhould then requeſt that he would join them at the houſe of his future ſon-in-law, whither he expected the Counteſs would attend her ſiſter, who was the next day to be united to her illuſtrious lord. He commanded her to prepare Julia for this event; adding, that he ſhould remain at Senanges that night, and accompany them in their ſhort journey, to be preſent himſelf at the celebration of a marriage which gave an alliance of ſuch importance to his family. A ſilent acquieſcence was the only reply that Madame de Senanges was capable of making, to a command ſhe well knew was abſolute. His perſonal appearance on this occaſion

occaſion ſufficiently proved the decree unalterable. The Duke kept the name of this boaſted unknown a profound ſecret; and his daughters were totally indifferent to a circumſtance of little moment to minds abſorbed in real grief. Henrietta dreaded to inform her ſiſter of the ſhort interval of her liberty; but Julia ſupported the ſudden event with a fortitude ſhe little expected. A victim ſhe was deſtined to be, and a victim ſhe was determined to yield herſelf to an inexorable father, without preſuming to oppoſe any uſeleſs efforts for the delay of a ſacrifice from which ſhe was too well convinced, no tears could reſcue her.

The

The Duke de Gramont had brought with him a profuſion of coſtly ornaments to decorate the lovely offering he dedicated to his ambition.

Wrapped in the inſenſibility of private ſorrow, the blooming Julia ſuffered herſelf to be arrayed for ſacrifice. Serene dejection ſat upon her countenance, and her mild eyes were expreſſive of the reſignation ſhe had impoſed upon a heart alive to every ſentiment of filial duty.

The Duke's equipage led the way; for ſome leagues they purſued the road to Paris; but, ſuddenly changing their direction, they ſtruck into a different route: the

ſun

ſun was declining when the carriages entered the gates of a ſtately edifice; where, on alighting, a band of muſic inſtantly ſtruck up, attempting, in notes of ſprightly harmony, to animate the ſoul with joy. They were received by a nobleman of majeſtic mien, who, advanced in years, appeared with a countenance expreſſive of benevolence, tenderneſs, and dignity. To him the Duke preſented his beauteous trembling daughter; he ſaluted her with an air of blended admiration and reſpect.

Refreſhments of various kinds having been offered, ſome folding doors were thrown open, and diſcovered a chapel grandly illuminated,

nated, at whoſe altar the ſacred knot was tied.

The lovely Julia ſupported herſelf through the ſolemn ſervice, and pronounced the fatal vow, with a firmneſs which aſtoniſhed and delighted the Counteſs and Madame de Tourville. At the concluſion of the ceremony, her father vouchſafed to beſtow the bleſſing, which his kneeling child implored, with a frigid haughtineſs that viſibly ſtruck her new lord, who, raiſing the duteous ſuppliant, tenderly aſſured her, that it ſhould be the conſtant endeavour of his life to merit the happineſs and honour ſhe had deigned to confer on him.

The

The Duke de Gramont withdrawing with his noble ſon into an adjoining room, their welcome abſence permitted the mournful bride to relieve the oppreſſion of her heart by a torrent of tears: her ſympathizing ſiſter wept over her Julia, while Madame de Tourville appeared loſt in thought, revolving in her mind theſe ſtrange events. The ſweet object of this intereſting grief was the firſt who broke the pathetic ſilence. Suddenly recollecting herſelf, ſhe wiped away the traces of her woe; and, with a look of gentleſt reſignation, "forbear," ſhe ſaid, "my ſiſter, and my friend, to feel "for her, who is now herſelf be-

"come

" come indifferent to all the
" world. I have been enabled to
" fulfil the duty of a daughter;
" and I dare hope that the vow,
" which has ſo recently united me
" by the moſt ſacred of engage-
" ments to the huſband of a fa-
" ther's choice, will inſpire all my
" attempts towards the extinction
" of ſentiments inconſiſtent with
" the duties of a virtuous wife."
She ſtifled the riſing ſigh—re-
pulſed another ſtarting tear; and,
aſſuming an air of tranquillity, ſhe,
at the re-entrance of her father and
her lord, bore but faintly on her
countenance the traces of a ſorrow,
ſhe ſecretly cheriſhed in the remote
receſſes of her heart.

The next morning, when breakfaſt re-aſſembled the family, they met in a gothic temple, upon the banks of a beautiful river which meandered through the extenſive gardens of the caſtle. While they were viewing the romantic ſcene before them, the Lord of this gay abode informed Madame de Senanges that the Count her huſband would join her in a few hours, to partake of the feſtivities prepared for the celebration of theſe happy nuptials. "It is this day, Madam," ſaid he, turning to his penſive bride, "that I intend to acknow-
"ledge publicly the diſtinction you
"have condeſcended to confer on
"me, and to preſent you to a
circle

" circle of numerous and illuſtrious
" friends, with the dignity due to
" your exalted rank. I muſt like-
" wiſe introduce to you three ſons,
" who are haſtening hither to pay
" their homage to the moſt amia-
" ble of mothers.—

" Permit me to requeſt that you
" will deign to grace this feſtival,
" by appearing with a brilliancy
" ſuitable to the occaſion—beauty,
" like yours, it is true, can re-
" ceive no addition from the blaze
" of jewels—but your quality de-
" mands it."

He accompanied theſe words by preſenting her with a caſket of ſumptuous diamonds.—Julia received them with a ſigh, which, to

thoſe who knew the ſituation of her heart, ſpoke a reluctant acquieſcence.

At the end of the repaſt, the ladies retired to decorate, with unwelcome ſplendor, a victim-bride, who ſuffered herſelf to be adorned, without feeling the leaſt intereſt in the performance. Every art was exhauſted to heighten the luſtre of her native charms; and ſhe quitted her apartment, to attend the Counteſs, the moſt dazzling, the moſt enchanting figure that imagination could paint.

During the duties of the toilet, her women had more than once given her the title of Madame the Marchioneſs; but her ſoul, abſorbed in

in ſorrow, paid little attention to a circumſtance totally indifferent to her: the preſence of theſe officious attendants prevented the poſſibility of their charming miſtreſs having an opportunity of unboſoming the various emotions of her ſoul—at length ſhe found herſelf at liberty from ſo irkſome a conſtraint, and ſhe was entering upon the ſubject of her ſorrows, when her eyes were attracted by the moſt intereſting object they could behold.

The window at which ſhe ſtood commanding the flight of ſteps which led into the hall, the haſty driving of a carriage to the door engaged her attention. —— But

what was her ſituation when ſhe beheld the Chevalier de Soiſſons ſpring from it! ſhe claſped her hands in an agony of diſtreſs—

"Alas!" ſhe exclaimed, "to "complete my woes, and to over- "throw the firm reſolutions of my "ſoul, that dear, perfidious, ba- "niſhed lover, comes to be the "cruel witneſs of a compliance "he himſelf extorted from the "wretched Julia!

"Or rather," continued ſhe, recollecting herſelf, and gazing wildly with a look of terror, "am "I not loſt for ever! and is not "the unfortunate Auguſtus the ſon "of Julia's huſband!"

The

The appearance of Madame de Tourville too ſoon confirmed theſe fatal conjectures.

She had croſſed the ſaloon as Monſieur de Soiſſons entered it, when the unexpected ſight of each other revealed the ſad myſtery—Madame de Tourville had no opportunity of replying to his exclamation at the ſight of her; the attending domeſtics reſtrained her emotions, and the Count de Senanges, whoſe arrival had preceded that of the Chevalier but a few moments, meeting him at this juncture, and ſeizing him by the arm, they both ſhut themſelves into a ſmall adjoining apartment.

The two ladies urged every ſoothing argument to arm the Marchioneſs de Soiſſons to bear this new and unexpected trial, and to ſupport an unavoidable interview with firmneſs. Monſieur de Senanges, ſoon requeſting admittance into the dreſſing room of the Counteſs, attempted to aſſuage the emotions of her lovely ſiſter—he aſſured her that his friend had promiſed to conceal every agitation of his heart, and to pay his reſpects to the wife of his father, without giving the world ſuſpicion that he was his rival.

" Ah, Count !" cried the Marchioneſs, diſſolving into tears, " how ſhall I ſupport the horrors

" of

" of this day? — oppreſſed by ac-
" cumulated ſorrows, loſt, for ever
" loſt, to happineſs, from the fatal
" moment when duty urged me
" to ſacrifice my hand, yet do I
" now feel a redoubled weight of
" woe. Oh, Soiſſons! Soiſſons!
" thou haſt undone my peace of
" mind for ever, in exacting my
" compliance with this ill-fated
" marriage! Would to heaven,
" that, in reſigning thee, I had, in
" the oblivion of a convent, taken
" a ſacred refuge!"

She ceaſed, and ſat for ſome moments, overwhelmed by an agony of grief: but ſhe was ſoon rouſed by an embaſſy from the Marquis, requeſting to be honoured with her

her preſence in the crowded hall. She ſtarted at the ſummons; and, as if inſpired by ſome ſupernatural power, ſhe wiped the tears that trembled in her eye, and, with a look of ſweeteſt compoſure, moved to the door: the Marquis met her in the antichamber; and, expreſſing the admiration with which he beheld her ſtriking beauty, he led her to the expecting circle, where every dazzled eye was fixed on her alone. The Marquis firſt preſented his ſons, who bowed, and ſaluted her hand: when ſhe had received the cold congratulations of the two elder brothers, who ſurveyed their bridal mother with looks of diſappointed avarice, what were her agi-

tations

tations to behold her lover, ſunk on one knee, advancing to his lip her trembling hand! — they were both incapable of ſpeech, but their eyes were eloquent: yet, fortunately, their mutual confuſion was unobſerved; and the Marchioneſs turned round ſo precipitately, to receive the compliments of the company, that the Chevalier had an opportunity of quitting the room, unperceived by all but Madame de Tourville, who ventured to follow him for a few moments, to regulate his behaviour. She found him retired into a portico of orange trees, which he was traverſing with haſty ſteps; he wrung her hand: "And now, Madam," ſaid he, with

with a look of agony, " my ruin " is complete; the only object, " which could render life ſupport- " able, is torn for ever from me. " Ah! and by whom? Oh Julia, " Julia, what a wretch am I be- " come!"

" For heaven's ſake," ſaid Ma- dame de Tourville, in a low voice, " moderate theſe tranſports; con- " ſider where you are; reflect, " that, by an imprudent raſhneſs, " you will develope to your father " the fatal ſecret, and expoſe the " fame of her you love to the cen- " ſures of a cruel world!"—" No, " by heaven!" returned the Che- valier, " this guilty wretch ſhall " die, rather than ſully the ſpotleſs " honour of her name! — Oh,

" Madame

" Madame de Tourville!"—" We " ſhall be ſuſpected," interrupted ſhe, with tears in her eyes; " let us " ſeparate; but, to prove how " ſenſibly I intereſt myſelf in your " repoſe, I will venture to meet " you to-morrow morning, at the " break of day, in the painted pa- " vilion, if you will ſuffer me to " repreſent to you the neceſſity of " ſubduing a paſſion ſo hopeleſs, " and ſo deſtructive to your peace. " Adieu till then, Chevalier; let " me conjure you to keep the " ſtricteſt guard this day upon your " words, your looks, your actions, " remembering, that the honour " of the Marchioneſs is at ſtake, " and depends upon the conduct of

" the

" the Chevalier de Soiſſons." With theſe words ſhe precipitately withdrew; and the Count de Senanges, who had obſerved their retreat, paſſed her, as he haſtened to join his friend.

The day was diſtinguiſhed by every outward mark of joy: the gardens were illuminated in the evening; and nothing was wanting to complete the magnificence of the entertainment. In the midſt of theſe ſplendid ſcenes, two hearts alone were truly wretched: the Marchioneſs, inſenſible to pleaſure, wiſhed ardently for a period to the rejoicings, upon an event which cauſed her miſery. She ſtudiouſly, and delicately, avoided

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the fatal object of her tendereſt ſentiments; while the Chevalier, at an awful diſtance, abſorbed in the contemplation of her beauty, ſeemed dead to every other idea.

Towards night, the Marchioneſs, perceiving her attentive friend Madame de Tourville by her ſide, in one of the illuminated groves of the garden, where a grand orcheſtra was placed, from whence the ear was charmed by notes of harmony; ſhe complained that her ſpirits were ſo oppreſſed, with the conſtraint ſhe had undergone, ſhe wiſhed to retire, for a few moments, to relieve her agitation. She led the way; and ſtriking down a ſolitary

a ſolitary path, they found themſelves at the entrance of a hermitage, which received light only from a ſingle lamp. "This ſolemn gloom," ſaid the ſighing Marchioneſs, advancing into the cell, and ſinking on the matted couch, "befits the ſadneſs of a "heart like mine! here, unſeen, "may I indulge my ſorrows, and "pour into thy faithful participating boſom, ſome part of that "weight of grief which overwhelms my ſoul! What a day "of wretchedneſs! how fatal a "ſcene for the poor Auguſtus! "Alas! and has the wedded Julia "dared to pronounce a name, "which rigid duty ſhould baniſh

"for

" for ever from her lips? Oh,
" aſſiſt me, my friend, to eraſe from
" my boſom a paſſion, by every ag-
" gravated circumſtance rendered
" more guilty. Unfortunate, dou-
" bly unfortunate, Julia! to be
" juſt to the father, you muſt
" obliterate the remembrance of
" the ſon!"—A ſhower of tears gave relief to her full heart; Madame de Tourville was ſilent while they flowed: when the torrent began to ſubſide, " Yes, my
" beloved child," ſaid ſhe, " I will
" endeavour, by every art in ſooth-
" ing friendſhip's power, to heal
" the ſorrows of your wounded
" heart; and, by degrees, to wean
" it from an attachment fatal to

" every hope of happineſs; and
" reſt aſſured, that the Chevalier
" will ſet you an example worthy
" imitation; your honour, your
" repoſe, are dear to him; he re-
" veres his amiable father; — to-
" morrow, at the dawn of day, I
" have appointed an interview,
" when I flatter myſelf you will
" authoriſe me to inſiſt"— " Ah,
" my deareſt Tourville," inter-
rupted the Marchioneſs, " let not
" the Chevalier ſuppoſe me privy
" to a meeting, that love might
" interpret as an encouragement
" to ſentiments, which neither of
" us can ſtill retain, without a
" crime. My conſcience is now
" reſponſible to a huſband for
" every

" every idea which rebels againſt
" my duty. Ah, my friend, leave
" no argument unurged to prevail
" upon him to quit the caſtle ; let
" him remove, far from her who
" is loſt to him for ever, a fatal
" object, which, in recalling ſcenes
" of viſionary happineſs, can only
" aggravate her preſent miſery.
" Theſe are my ſentiments; and
" I conjure you by your friendſhip,
" no more to name a ſubject which
" the nice ſenſe of honour diſal-
" lows."

She aroſe, ſilently followed by Madame de Tourville, who gloried in the heart ſhe had early trained to virtue. In rejoining the company, they found the Marquis

anxiouſly ſeeking his fair Marchioneſs: upon his tenderly inquiring where ſhe had ſo long concealed herſelf, with an aſſumed ſmile, ſhe told him that a winding path had prompted her curioſity, and led her to a hermitage, where ſhe hoped the emblems of mortality, which ſhe had ſeen, had taught her an uſeful leſſon. During the courſe of the evening, it had been concerted, between the Count and Counteſs de Senanges, that the ſeparation of Auguſtus, from the fatal object of his love, was a ſtep which prudence rendered abſolutely neceſſary. Monſieur de Senanges reſolved, therefore, to plead the urgency of buſineſs, as an excuſe for quitting

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the Marquis the following day; hoping to prevail upon his unhappy friend to accompany his return. They were ſenſible that, though the Marchioneſs would tenderly regret the departure of her ſiſter, ſhe would not only acquieſce in, but promote, a ſtep which propriety dictated, and her delicacy muſt approve. They agreed that Madame de Tourville ſhould remain behind; as her participating friendſhip might, in ſome meaſure, alleviate the ſorrows of their Julia.

The next morning, punctual to their appointment, Madame de Tourville and the Chevalier met in the pavilion; it was viſible, in the pale looks of the latter, that he

had paſſed a ſleepleſs night: Madame de Tourville, obſerving it, took occaſion to entreat him to exert his reaſon in ſubduing ſo ill-fated, ſo hopeleſs, a paſſion. He ſhook his head; "Alas!" ſaid he, "is it poſſible to eradicate a "ſentiment interwoven with my "very exiſtence?" — "Shall the "Marchioneſs," replied ſhe, "ſet "an example ſo admirable, and "will not the Chevalier de Soiſ-"ſons imitate it? You were yeſ-"terday yourſelf a witneſs to the "dignity, the greatneſs, of her "conduct, in perhaps the moſt "trying ſituation, which a heart "of ſenſibility could experience!" "Yes," interrupted Auguſtus, "I

"obſerved

" obſerved it all, and in her be-
" held all that is lovely, all that
" is excellent, in woman! I ſaw
" the virtuous conflicts of her ſoul;
" and her angelic face, averted
" from me, ſeemed to glow with
" more than mortal beauty: un-
" ſeen, I followed her alluring
" ſteps, and, in a remote corner of
" the hermitage, heard the ſoft ac-
" cents of her plaintive voice,
" which, by heaven inſpired, ut-
" tered the dictates of a ſpotleſs
" heart. I was faſcinated; and,
" while ſhe fixed my doom of
" baniſhment, adored the virtue
" that pronounced my death! for
" oh! I cannot exiſt without be-
" holding her." — " Will you,

" then," ſaid Madame de Tourville, " while you confeſs the juſtice " of the ſentence, heſitate to com- " ply with it?"—" No, Madam," replied the Chevalier wildly, " the " Marchioneſs ſhall be obeyed; " the commands of the mother " ſhall decide the fate of the de- " voted ſon! we hover on the " brink of an eternal ſeparation,— " the awful hour approaches!" He claſped his hands with fervour, and, with a countenance of ſtrong deſpair, ſtood motionleſs. Madame de Tourville, whoſe ſympathetic tenderneſs of ſoul was ſenſibly affected, became now viſibly alarmed. " For heaven's ſake," cried ſhe, " ſpeak not, look not,

" ſo

" ſo terribly! Will you, by the " perpetration of a deed fatal to " yourſelf, plunge a dagger in the " boſom of her you love? will you " kill your Julia?" " My Julia!" interrupted he with emotion, " ah, " no! my father's Julia. Alas! " my happy father!" His voice faultered, and he melted into tears. " Degenerate Auguſtus," continued he, " and canſt thou weep a " parent's happineſs? — nay, can I " deem him bleſt, who has the " hand without the heart of Julia? " or can that man be abſolutely " wretched, who is in poſſeſſion of " ſo invaluable a treaſure?" His features brightened into a momentary ray of pleaſure; but ſoon the mournful

mournful ſmile was baniſhed by a ſigh; then, turning to Madame de Tourville, "Dread nothing," ſaid he, "from my deſpair, that "can affect the peace or honour "of the Marchioneſs: tell her, the "unfortunate Auguſtus is already "ſelf exiled. This day I ſhall ac- "company the return of the Count "and Counteſs to Senanges; there "may I indulge my ſorrows; "there, guiltleſs, may I breathe "my hopeleſs ſighs, and, in the "gloom of thoſe embowering "ſhades, trace the dear footſteps "of my angel Julia."

Madame de Tourville applauded the intended departure of the Chevalier; and, having ſoothed him with

with her friendly arguments, ſhe flattered herſelf that ſhe left him more compoſed.

When the Marchioneſs received intelligence of the propoſed immediate departure of the Count and Counteſs, her firſt ſenſations were thoſe of grief; ſhe could not but tenderly regret the ſociety of ſo beloved a ſiſter; yet a conſcious intereſt in the ſorrows of Auguſtus, which might be ſoftened by the ſympathy of friendſhip, reconciled her to a ſtep, which, but for that conſideration, would have rendered her inconſolable.

This was a day of general departure: the company, who had remained till the morning at the caſtle,

caſtle, met now to ſeparate. The Duke de Gramont was among the firſt who quitted the caſtle. He bade adieu to his daughters with that cold indifference which marked his parental character: unintereſted in their happineſs, the only ſatiſfaction his ſordid mind was capable of receiving derived its ſource from the ſucceſs of his ambitious views. The remaining gueſts were in a ſhort time diſperſed, and the dreaded moment now arrived which was to ſeparate thoſe hearts ſo tenderly attached. The parting farewell of the lovely ſiſters was affecting. Henrietta, whoſe ſoul bled for her Julia, entreated her to take comfort, and promiſed to repeat

peat her viſit at the caſtle in a few weeks. The Chevalier, offering his hand to lead Madame de Senanges to her carriage, turned to the weeping Marchioneſs, and made her a reſpectful bow, with a look expreſſive of the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility and anguiſh:—grief denied him utterance, and he haſtened into the carriage to conceal the agitation of his burſting heart.

Julia, who, notwithſtanding all her efforts, had yet made little progreſs towards the extinction of her fatal paſſion, felt the departure of the Chevalier with all the force of ſorrow; and the tears, which followed in quick ſucceſſion down her lovely cheek, while they ſeemed

to

ſiſtent with her duty. A taſte for books ſhe had early imbibed; in muſic ſhe very eminently excelled; in painting few were her ſuperiors; theſe were reſources to a mind ſituated like that of Julia; by ſuch avocations ſhe hoped to diſſipate, in ſome meaſure, the influence of grief, and to conceal, under the appearance of content, the ſecret emotions of a wounded heart. From the ſoothing friendſhip of her dear ~~friend~~ Tourville ſhe expected much conſolation. But, above all, ſhe placed her greateſt confidence in the aſſiſting influence of that power Supreme, whom ſhe had choſen, from the firſt rays of dawning reaſon, to be her ſureſt guide through

through the intricate paths of life.

In the evening of the day that had diſperſed the gay aſſembly, the Marquis, obſerving a tender melancholy on the features of his Julia, propoſed, with a view to amuſe her thoughts, to give her a more accurate ſurvey of his magnificent manſion, than he had yet found an opportunity of doing. She ſmiled aſſent, and followed her conductor. After having traverſed ſeveral noble apartments, ſuperbly fitted up with the fineſt tapeſtry, and moſt finiſhed paintings; "And now, "Madam," ſaid the Marquis, unlocking a door, imperceptible to the eye, "I am going to raiſe your

" curioſity, and at the ſame to ſa-
" tisfy it. Enter into the cloſet,
" where you and your friend will
" find yourſelves greatly intereſt-
" ed." The deſcent of a few ſteps led them into a ſmall but elegant room, where the firſt object that claimed their attention was a portrait of the late Ducheſs de Gramont: the ladies gazed with mutual pleaſure: " Well might you
" imagine," ſaid Madame de Soiſſons, " that the picture of my
" amiable mother would yield me
" the trueſt ſatisfaction: and I
" owe my father a ſenſible obliga-
" tion for a gift more precious to
" his daughter than any other he
" could beſtow." " Ah, Madam!"

returned

returned the Marquis, "it is not "to a parent, but to a lover and a "husband, that you owe the poſ- "ſeſſion of that beautiful original, "which ſo perfectly reſembles "yourſelf. The daughter is, what "the enchanting mother was. "You inherit every charm and "virtue which once bloomed in "her! — Permit me, my lovely "Julia, to lay open the receſſes of "a heart, which, till its propitious "ſuit to you, ſilently regretted a "loſs you only could reſtore—let "me reveal the myſtery of a mar- "riage, which muſt, to your deli- "cacy, have appeared ſo ſudden "and abrupt." Varied emotions, during this addreſs, affected the

boſom of the Marchioneſs: tenderneſs, ſurpriſe, and expectation, alternately oppreſſed her; but ſhe was ſilent:—ſhe ſuffered the Marquis to ſeat her on a ſofa, to place himſelf by her, and to purſue the following narrative without interruption.

"Returning at the age of three-
"and-twenty from a tour through
"Europe, I was welcomed by my
"father with open arms. He ſoon
"informed me that he had, during
"my abſence, negociated for me
"an affair of no leſs importance
"than that of marriage, with a
"young heireſs, of immenſe for-
"tune, and not deficient in per-
"ſonal attractions. As my time

"and

" and attention, in the courſe of
" my travels, had been too much
" engroſſed to ſuffer my heart to
" receive any laſting impreſſions
" from the power of beauty, I did
" not contradict my father's hopes,
" whoſe generous indulgence to-
" wards his ſon merited every mark
" of gratitude and duty. On my
" introduction to Mademoiſelle de
" Navarre, though I felt no emo-
" tions at the firſt view of her per-
" ſon, yet, as I could not but ac-
" knowledge it to be handſome,
" with inclinations unprepoſſeſſed,
" I found no abſolute repugnance
" to fulfil an engagement to which
" I had been prepared to give a
" paſſive aſſent. Alas! too ſoon I

" became ſenſible that my devoted
" heart was formed for ſtronger ſen-
" timents than cold approbation. I
" was attending my future bride at
" an opera, when Mademoiſelle de
" Valiere appeared in an oppoſite
" box, with all the dazzling luſtre
" of that enchanting beauty which
" now ſhines in you! The inſipid
" charms of Mademoiſelle de Na-
" varre were totally neglected by
" me. My eyes, and every faculty
" of my ſoul, were loſt in contem-
" plating thoſe attractions, which
" claimed the attention of each be-
" holder. The Duke de Gramont
" was the envied object admitted
" to a ſeat behind this lovely para-
" gon. He divided his converſa-

" tion

" tion between the Baroneſs her
" mother, and herſelf; ſhe ap-
" peared to hear him with indif-
" ference, to anſwer him with re-
" ſerve, and to be at the ſame time
" inſenſible of the univerſal admi-
" ration ſhe excited. Having been
" acquainted with Madame de Va-
" liere before I quitted France,
" though I had never ſeen her
" charming daughter till that fatal
" night, I had a ſufficient claim to
" introduce myſelf; and, forgetting
" the attention due to Mademoiſelle
" de Navarre, I abruptly quitted
" the box, and haſtened to pay my
" reſpects to the Baroneſs de Va-
" liere. She welcomed, with polite-
" neſs, my return to France; and

" preſented me by name to her
" beauteous daughter. — Perhaps
" my ſentiments were intelligent
" in my eyes: ſhe received my
" compliments with mingled dig-
" nity and ſweetneſs, while a cap-
" tivating bluſh heightened the
" carnation of her glowing cheek.
" The happy Gramont kept his
" envied ſeat, bowing his head with
" an air of triumph. I was ab-
" ſorbed in the ſilent admiration
" of this lovely creature; when the
" Baroneſs thought proper to re-
" mind me of a far leſs pleaſing
" object, by congratulating me
" upon my approaching marriage.
" I replied only with an involun-
" tary ſigh; and, taking the cruel

" hint,

" hint, returned to Mademoiſelle
" de Navarre, who maliciouſly in-
" formed me, while the conſcious
" envy of inferior beauty flaſhed
" from her eye, that the bright ſtar,
" to whom I had been offering my
" adoration, would ſhortly diſap-
" pear, as, during the abſence of
" the Duke de Gramont, to whom
" ſhe was ſolemnly contracted, ſhe
" intended to conceal her dan-
" gerous charms within the ſacred
" barriers of a convent; it being
" determined by the Baroneſs, her
" mother, that the marriage ſhould
" not take place till the Duke had
" finiſhed his campaigns, about
" which period Mademoiſelle de
" Valiere would attain her nine-
" teenth

" infatuation, I attended the aſſem-
" bly of Madame de Valiere;
" where, while the Duke, who,
" in ſuch enviable circumſtances,
" could neglect ſo lovely a woman
" for piquet, was totally engroſſed
" by his favourite game, I had the
" charming dangerous opportunity
" of diſcovering new enchantments
" in the converſation of Mademoi-
" ſelle de Valiere: her voice was
" harmony — her figure perfect
" beauty—her every motion grace.
" She received my compliments
" with that ſweet timidity, that
" unaffected dignity, which ſpoke
" her inborn innocence of ſoul. I
" preſumed not to be too particular
" in my attentions to this bewitch-

" ing

" teenth year. This intelligence,
" and the recollection of my own
" impending chains, ſmote my heart
" with a pang of anguiſh which I
" had never till that hour experi-
" enced. But my honour was en-
" gaged beyond retraction, and I
" felt a ſecret conſolation, when I
" reflected, that my engagements
" with Margaret de Navarre were
" not the only obſtacles which op-
" poſed my inclinations for the ir-
" reſiſtible Henrietta de Valiere;
" ſince, had I been free myſelf to
" make the offer of my hand, the
" Duke's indiſputable pretenſions
" would have been ſufficient to
" render every hope deluſive. The
" next evening, however, led by
" infatuation,

" infatuation, I attended the aſſem-
" bly of Madame de Valiere;
" where, while the Duke, who,
" in ſuch enviable circumſtances,
" could neglect ſo lovely a woman
" for piquet, was totally engroſſed
" by his favourite game, I had the
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" preſumed not to be too particular
" in my attentions to this bewitch-

" ing

" ing object; but, though I did
" not ſuffer myſelf to continue at
" her ſide the whole evening, yet
" my faſcinated eyes ceaſed not to
" gaze upon her. I obſerved her
" deportment, eaſy and winning
" to all who addreſſed her; but
" took particular notice that, when
" her lover approached, her ani-
" mated countenance varied; ſhe
" turned pale, then a roſeate bluſh,
" in quick ſucceſſion, tinged her
" tranſparent ſkin. Methought I
" could diſcern in her expreſſive
" eye, that, though her hand was
" plighted to the Duke, her heart
" had no ſhare in the engagement.
" With tender regret I anticipated
" her woes and my own, in our
" impending

" impending fate, which doomed
" us each to utter joyleſs, loveleſs,
" vows, that would enſure our
" inevitable miſery!

" I was weak enough, inconſi-
" derate of danger, to ſeize with
" avidity every opportunity of be-
" ing in the preſence of this fatal
" charmer: each interview contri-
" buted to fix deeper in my boſom
" an irradicable paſſion; while,
" conſcious of our ſeparate engage-
" ments, I could not flatter myſelf
" with the moſt diſtant ray of
" hope.

" Thus did I purſue the alluring
" path that led to ruin, till the
" ſudden retreat of Mademoiſelle
" de Valiere to the deſtined con-

" vent

" vent rouſed me from my trance
" of paſſion; and my father urging
" me to fulfil my contract with
" Margaret de Navarre, in a fit of
" deſpair I led her to the altar,
" and united myſelf to a woman
" incapable of ſupplanting in my
" heart the too lovely Henrietta,
" from a total oppoſition of cha-
" racter. I found little reaſon for
" ſelf-reproach from my conſcious
" indifference towards my wife,
" whoſe conduct, on becoming
" Marchioneſs de Soiſſons, con-
" vinced the world, as well as my-
" ſelf, that ambition, not prefe-
" rence of me, had influenced her
" to beſtow her hand. As I had
" not a heart to give her in ex-
" change,

" change, I rejoiced at a diſregard,
" which rendered me leſs culpable;
" her tenderneſs and attention muſt
" have enſured my eſteem, my
" gratitude, and have condemned
" my ſecret ſentiments, while her
" conſtant neglects, and imperiouſ-
" neſs of temper, fortified my
" diſinclination towards her. Un-
" concerned I beheld her rage for
" diſſipated pleaſures; and, inſen-
" ſible to the pangs of jealous love,
" I ſaw her ſurrounded by a crowd
" of flatterers, whoſe adulations ſhe
" received with viſible delight.
" With far other ſenſations I be-
" held the happy Gramont, when,
" three years afterwards, he receiv-
" ed the hand of the incomparable
" Henrietta;

" Henrietta; and, vain of ſuch a
" bride, ſeemed proud to boaſt his
" triumph to the world. And ah!
" how different was her deport-
" ment to that of the Marchioneſs;
" though her unparalleled beauty
" engaged the admiration of every
" beholder, her affability and
" ſweetneſs were ſo guarded by
" the native dignity of her man-
" ners, that ſhe repulſed the adorer
" while ſhe attracted adoration.

" The Ducheſs de Gramont ap-
" peared in public, with all the
" magnificence ſuitable to her rank;
" but it was viſible that her ſupe-
" rior mind was formed for other
" ſcenes than thoſe gay and trifling
" circles, which ſhe frequented

" only

" only in compliance with a huſ-
" band's wiſhes. A ſweet ſerene
" dejection ſpread an intereſting
" languor over her countenance,
" and ſeemed to expreſs her gentle
" ſubmiſſion to a fate irrevocable.
" How did I reproach our adverſe
" ſtars, which had apparently ren-
" dered wretched two hearts, whoſe
" union with each other might
" have crowned our mutual hap-
" pineſs! Yet far be from my
" mind the preſumptive idea, that
" this exalted woman beſtowed a
" thought of preference on me:
" no, her delicacy of ſoul was inca-
" pable of deviating, even in ſen-
" timent, from the duty ſhe owed
" a huſband, by the moſt diſtant

 " encourage-

" encouragement of a rival: ſhe
" never appeared in public without
" the Duke, or unaccompanied by
" ſome of his female acquaintance:
" by this prudent conduct ſhe
" kept her adorers at a diſtance,
" and ſet the tongue of ſcandal
" at defiance. Soon after our
" marriage, having one day at-
" tended the Marchioneſs to a ce-
" lebrated painter's, where ſhe was
" ſitting for her picture; I was
" charmed with the firſt view of
" that beauteous portrait now be-
" fore you, that ſweet reſemblance
" of a yet more lovely original:
" dying to become poſſeſſed of
" ſuch a treaſure, I, by a conſi-
" derable gratuity, purchaſed it

" of

" of the venal artiſt, who promiſed
" to ſend it privately when he had
" finiſhed an exact copy. To remove
" the ſhadow of reflection from the
" character of Mademoiſelle de Va-
" liere, which might, without pre-
" caution, have ſuffered from ſuch
" a myſterious ſtep, I told him, that
" I was collecting a ſet of the moſt
" admired beauties of the court, to
" adorn a gallery at one of my
" caſtles; and added, ſmiling, that
" he muſt do all poſſible juſtice to
" the charms of my wife, that they
" might not be eclipſed by thoſe
" of her deſtined companions.

" I flew hither with my newly
" acquired treaſure; and, having
" completed this cabinet, I, with

" my own hands, placed the
" picture in that deſtined receſs,
" and here propoſed to paſs my
" deareſt hours in ſoothing ſolitude.
" The Marchioneſs, who was to-
" tally unacquainted with this my
" inviſible reſort, never ſuſpected
" the occaſion of my frequent ab-
" ſence; and, ſatisfied with my
" reſtraining her in no amuſements,
" ſhe did not intereſt herſelf in
" my purſuits.

" Hours, days, months, and
" years, paſſed on in this manner,
" and found my heart in the ſame
" ſituation. My ſole delight was
" centered in contemplating this
" dear reſemblance of the moſt
" adorable of women! Hither I
" frequently

" frequently retired from the inſi-
" pid joys of public life, to indulge
" in ſolitude my unavailing paſſion.
" Six years had revolved ſince the
" marriage of the Ducheſs de Gra-
" mont, when, in the full luſtre
" of undiminiſhed beauty, ſhe ap-
" peared once more at Paris. Her
" charms, it is true, were unim-
" paired; but the roſeate bloom
" of happineſs had forſaken her
" cheek: yet the delicate languor,
" the look of plaintive ſweetneſs,
" that remained, only rendered her
" more intereſtingly lovely. The
" Duke, (pardon me, my Julia, if
" I preſume to arraign his conduct)
" by publicly attaching himſelf,
" ſucceſſively, to a variety of ob-

" jects, proved the inconſtancy of
" his diſpoſition: but his celeſtial
" wife bore every wrong with pa-
" tient reſignation, nor ever for a
" moment deviated from the moſt
" perfect ſubmiſſion to his will:
" ſhe ſhunned the crowded ſcenes
" of diſſipation; and, as her pre-
" ſence was no longer neceſſary to
" enhance his pleaſures, ſhe ſeldom
" appeared in public; her children
" now claimed her attention and
" neglected tenderneſs; their ſweet
" careſſes compenſated, in ſome
" degree, for the indifference of
" her lord; and, in the endearing
" affections of the mother, ſhe en-
" deavoured to forget the indigni-
" ties of an ungrateful huſband.

" The

" The laſt time I had the hap-
" pineſs of beholding this adorable
" woman, ſhe appeared ſurrounded
" with ten thouſand new and varied
" charms: the intereſting character
" of parent ſeemed to adorn even
" her incomparable beauty with
" added graces. One day, ſome
" conſequential buſineſs rendering
" an interview with the Duke de
" Gramont neceſſary, I repaired
" to his hotel, where I was in-
" formed that he had quitted it a
" few preceding moments. As the
" affair rather required diſpatch, I
" requeſted admittance into his li-
" brary, to write a note of expla-
" nation for his peruſal at his re-
" turn. Having written and ſealed

" the letter, as I was riſing to de-
" part, ſome infantine voices at-
" tracted my ſteps to an open win-
" dow which overlooked the gar-
" den. Good Heavens! what an
" intereſting picture ſtruck my
" view! In a verdant alcove of
" intermingled jeſſamine and roſes,
" ſat the loveliеſt of women! Each
" ſnowy arm encircled a blooming
" cherubim! Theſe ſweet inno-
" cents were adorning with flowers
" her ſhining ringlets: how ſhall
" I deſcribe her countenance! —
" it ſpoke all the mother; her
" cheek was animated with the
" glow of pleaſure; ſmiles of ma-
" ternal fondneſs dimpled round
" her mouth, and in the mild efful-
" gence

" gence of her eyes beamed more
" than uſual luſtre. My feelings
" can be imagined by thoſe only
" who, like me, have loved! — I
" ſtood transfixed; never had her
" character appeared ſo truly in-
" tereſting: the expreſſive ſoftneſs
" of the parent was added to
" her other virtues, and exalted
" her dignity of beauty: my ſoul
" was overwhelmed with tenderneſs
" — I ſighed profoundly, and
" breathed a ſilent fervent wiſh,
" that heaven had given my chil-
" dren ſuch a mother. I was go-
" ing to tear myſelf from a ſcene
" too affecting, when the Ducheſs,
" ſuddenly turning her eyes to-
" wards the window, diſcovered

" and

" and recollected me: at firſt ſhe
" ſtarted; and, withdrawing her
" gentle hold, reſigned her lovely
" offſpring to an attendant who
" ſtood in waiting: the fading
" roſe retreated from her cheek;
" the ſparkling ray of temporary
" pleaſure vaniſhed from her fea-
" tures, and her wonted languor
" reſumed its influence on her
" brow. She aroſe; and, notwith-
" ſtanding her viſible embarraſſ-
" ment, with ſlow and graceful dig-
" nity, advanced to the window:
" I felt a conſcious agitation; ſhe
" politely inquired after the health
" of the Marchioneſs; I explained
" the motive of my viſit; and, tear-
" ing myſelf from the Ducheſs,

" haſtily

" haſtily quitted the apartment, and
" threw myſelf into my carriage.
" The more I ruminated on the
" charming object I had left, the
" more I found my admiration,
" my pity, and my love, excited:
" the character of her unworthy
" huſband ſunk as her virtues roſe:
" Her heart, formed by nature for
" the exquiſite ſenſibility of gentle
" tenderneſs and refined affection,
" was evidently waſted on a wretch
" incapable of ſentiment, and
" coldly inanimate to the treaſure
" he poſſeſſed. Too ſoon the
" fleeting ſummer ſnatched her for
" ever from my ſight! She ap-
" peared no more at Paris or Ver-
" ſailles; and as the inſenſible

" Duke

" Duke had long ceaſed to have
" any delight in her ſociety, he
" permitted her, for the future, to
" indulge in the ſolitude of the
" country, while he, intoxicated
" by the illuſions of falſe pleaſures,
" purſued, unreſtrained, the paths
" of vice.

" The Marchioneſs (though I
" muſt do her the juſtice to believe
" that her virtue was unblemiſhed)
" ran on in ſuch a career of diſſi-
" pation, that her health began to
" be viſibly impaired: I could not
" forbear remonſtrating at length
" againſt a conduct ſo irregular:
" a contemptuous reply was all my
" ſatisfaction; and, in a few years
" after our inauſpicious marriage,

" ſhe

" ſhe fell a martyr to inceſſant
" pleaſures.

" About two years afterwards,
" your adored mother became like-
" wiſe the victim of that grim
" monarch, who ſpares neither vir-
" tue, youth, nor beauty; too pro-
" bably ſhe was the prey of ſecret
" ſorrow: — but I will not dwell
" upon a ſubject, which ſo much
" affects your ſenſibility; I will
" only ſay, that, conſtant to her
" memory, I never admitted a
" thought of infidelity to her, till,
" to her lovely daughter, I tranſ-
" ferred the heart that ceaſed not
" to adore her.

" When your ſiſter's intended
" marriage with the Count de Senan-

" ges

" ge was publicly acknowledged,
" the report of her extraordinary
" beauty rendered every one foli-
" citous to see her. I accepted,
" with the reſt of the nobility, an
" invitation to this ſuperb enter-
" tainment, curious, I muſt confeſs,
" to behold the daughter of the
" woman I adored. I attended the
" nuptial ceremony; but my pre-
" ſence being indiſpenſably neceſ-
" ſary, to viſit the bed of a depart-
" ing friend, I quitted almoſt im-
" mediately afterwards the ſcene of
" feſtivity for the houſe of death.
" When the Counteſs de Semanges
" appeared, I ſought in vain to
" trace her mother's features: my
" eyes confeſſed her beautiful,

" though

" though ſhe bore a reſemblance
" only to her father. But ſhe was
" followed by the perfect image
" of that lovely mother, who ſtill
" haunted my imagination with her
" fond idea. The ſame angelic
" ſweetneſs beamed in her azure
" eyes; the ſame timid dignity
" ſpoke in each graceful geſture,
" charming while it awed the ad-
" miring gazer.

" I viewed, with all the force of
" recollected tenderneſs, that beau-
" ty which ſo perfectly reſembled
" your ſeraphic mother: each look
" recalled her loved idea to my
" mind, and awakened thoſe dor-
" mant ſentiments, which length
" of time could not totally extin-

" guiſh

" guiſh in my heart. Yet had I
" not the vain preſumption to ima-
" gine that a lady ſo young, and,
" as I then ſuppoſed, the coheireſs
" of a princely fortune, could look
" with condeſcenſion upon my ad-
" vancing age: but when I was
" informed that you were deſtined
" to a convent, unable to credit
" ſo improbable a report, I took
" the liberty to interrogate the
" Duke, whether he had actually
" condemned to eternal ſolitude
" that matchleſs beauty? He
" coldly anſwered, that, having loſt
" three ſons, he had reſolved to
" make his elder daughter the ſole
" heireſs of his fortune, and that
" Julia muſt reſign herſelf to a
" holy

" holy life. I remonſtrated againſt
" the injuſtice of depriving his
" child of every ſocial connexion;
" and argued, that the charms of
" Mademoiſelle de Gramont en-
" titled her to expect an alliance
" equally illuſtrious with that of
" the Counteſs de Senanges. He
" anſwered ironically, that, as her
" charms would be her only por-
" tion, ſhe was not likely to meet
" with ſuitors equal to her birth;
" and conſequently a ſeclufion from
" the world's allurements was the
" ſureſt ſecurity to her innocence
" and happineſs.

" I quitted with diſdain this un-
" natural parent: but I found my-
" ſelf too tenderly intereſted for

" the lovely daughter of the wo-
" man I once adored, to ſuffer her
" to become the victim of ambi-
" tion. I conſidered, though I
" was long paſt the meridian of
" life, that the blooming Julia
" might prefer even an union ſo
" unequal to the ſeverities of a
" convent, which muſt eternally
" ſeclude her from every ſocial
" happineſs. Determined to reſcue,
" if poſſible, ſo much innocence
" and beauty, from ſuch a cruel
" ſacrifice, I wrote my propoſal
" to the Duke, and offered to his
" daughter my hand and fortune,
" without any dowry; but, at the
" ſame time, inſiſted upon his leav-
" ing her at her own diſpoſal, and

" entreating

"entreating him not to influence
"her choice.—I received a reply
"which confirmed my wiſhes,
"with the aſſurance that my Julia
"heſitated not to accept my vows.
"I found the Duke de Gramont
"as anxiouſly impatient for the
"concluſion of this treaty as I
"could be myſelf; and it was at
"his particular requeſt that I
"conſented to keep our intend-
"ed marriage ſecret till after its
"celebration. He hinted, that
"my ſons, (who would regard a
"ſecond union as fatal to their
"intereſt), might artfully find
"means to prejudice his daughter
"againſt yielding her promiſed
"hand, and put a period to my

" warmeſt hopes. I acquieſced,
" concluding that you, Madam,
" were acquainted with your fa-
" ther's wiſhes: pardon me, love-
" lieſt of women, if I ſubmitted
" to a myſterious appearance, (in
" a circumſtance I might have
" proudly publiſhed to the world,)
" ſince it was to ſecure a prize ſo
" ineſtimable! Too well acquaint-
" ed with the character of my elder
" ſons, who, alas! inherit the
" haughty, deſpotic temper of their
" unhappy mother, I judged it
" preferable to preſent you to them
" as Marchioneſs de Soiſſons, ra-
" ther than as my intended bride.
" Thus have I unfolded the in-
" moſt receſſes of my heart, and
" revealed

" revealed to you a ſecret, buried
" even from its birth in my own
" conſcious breaſt. You have
" deigned to overlook our diſpa-
" rity of age, and to unite your
" blooming youth with my declin-
" ing years. Your father (permit
" me to hope) has not deceived
" me in declaring your ſentiments
" uninfluenced by his authority:
" but, Madam, ſhould your gen-
" tleneſs of nature, and filial ſub-
" miſſion, have actuated you to
" reſign your hand the reluctant
" ſacrifice of duty, then, though I
" muſt ever regret a circumſtance ſo
" fatal to our mutual happineſs,
" yet ſhall I cheriſh the conſoling
" idea, that I have at leaſt reſcued

" the moſt lovely of victims from a
" barbarous captivity! My Julia's
" beauty, which was cruelly doom-
" ed to the eternal concealment of
" a convent, ſhall now adorn the
" gay circles it was formed to grace.
" When we have paſſed a few
" more days at this caſtle, I ſhall
" propoſe to you a change of ſcene
" better adapted to your age and
" rank. You muſt appear at court,
" and ſhine there in unrivalled
" beauty."

" Pardon, my lord," interrupted the Marchioneſs, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, " the teme-
" rity of a wife, who preſumes to
" differ with your ſentiments on
" this one occaſion: if you wiſh
" to complete the happineſs of
" Julia,

" Julia, keep her remote from the
" parade of courts, and all the
" pomp ſurrounding royal great-
" neſs! Far from the unyielding
" ſcenes of public life, ſuffer her,
" in theſe delightful ſhades, to paſs
" her tranquil days; here, in con-
" templating and retracing with
" you, and my dear Tourville, the
" exalted character of my la-
" mented mother, I ſhall endea-
" vour, from her example, to ren-
" der myſelf more worthy of him
" whom it ſhall be the ſtudy of my
" heart to pleaſe: — educated with
" the proſpect of retirement, I have
" a taſte alone for rural pleaſures,
" and wiſh for no ſociety but
" yours."

"Loveliest, most excellent of "women!" exclaimed the Marquis; "how am I rewarded by all-"gracious heaven for sorrows past: "the remainder of a life devoted "to your happiness will scarce suf-"ficiently denote my gratitude.— "Arbitress of my fate!— you shall "direct my every action, and your "own; whether your wishes tend to "bloom in retirement, or to shine "in public, shall be submitted to "your choice.— But we are ex-"pected," continued the Marquis rising; "supper awaits us in the "citron grove:— shall I lead you "thither?"

Julia yielded her hand with an enchanting grace; and, accompanied

nied by Madame de Tourville, quitted (heaving a gentle ſigh) the receptacle which had ſo long contained the ineſtimable picture of her mother.

The various emotions of the young Marchioneſs, during the intereſting recital of her lord, can better be imagined than deſcribed: tears and ſighs had often interrupted it: ſhe wept the fate of an unhappy mother, and tenderly felt for the diſappointments of a huſband, whoſe attachment to the author of her being endeared him to her, and whoſe affectionate attentions to herſelf excited her utmoſt gratitude. She revered his character; ſhe eſteemed his virtues; but,

but, alas! ſhe loved his ſon. In comparing the misfortunes of the Marquis and Auguſtus, ſhe found a fatal ſimilarity: each the victim of an unpropitious paſſion, they were both equally condemned to behold the object of their wiſhes torn from their fondeſt hopes.

The following day, finding herſelf alone with her amiable friend; "Alas!" cried the Marchioneſs, "how are the misfortunes of the "Ducheſs de Gramont entailed "upon her unhappy daughter! "like her, I am the ſacrifice of "imperious duty: — like her, I "am enſlaved by a relentleſs pa-"rent: but you, my deareſt Tour-"ville, whoſe friendſhip for my

"exalted

"exalted mother claimed all her
"confidence, and whoſe ſympa-
"thetic tenderneſs now ſhares the
"ſorrows of her hapleſs Julia!
"ſay, am not I doubly wretched?
"She only mourned an union
"where her heart was unconſulted;
"while I, with accumulated woe,
"find myſelf torn from the man
"I loved, to become the father's
"wife!"

"Moderate your affliction, my
"beloved child," interrupted Ma-
dame de Tourville, "and let the
"example of your angelic mother
"ſtrengthen your patience. Alas!
"how gentler far your lot than
"her's! you are ſeparated, it is
"true, from the lover of your
"choice;

" choice; but you have a huſband
" in every reſpect, excepting diſ-
" parity of age, worthy of you;
" and whoſe benevolence of heart
" would enſure your happineſs,
" could you but conquer one fatal
" prepoſſeſſion. I am going to di-
" vulge a confidence I have hi-
" therto held ſacred; but the leſſon
" will prove uſeful, and the unſul-
" lied character of your virtuous
" mother muſt riſe in your opinion
" from a knowledge of her ſenti-
" ments.—You would urge ſhe had
" no paſſion to contend with — Ah,
" my Julia! the Ducheſs de Gra-
" mont poſſeſſed a mind too deli-
" cately ſuſceptible to be inſenſible
" of exalted merit; but ſo ſtrictly

" was

" was ſhe guarded, by her duty and
" her virtue, that ſhe ſcarcely per-
" mitted herſelf to be acquainted
" with the birth of her unfortunate
" attachment, ere ſhe attempted
" reſolutely to baniſh the object
" from her thoughts. Her incom-
" parable heart, formed to love
" but once, could not, however,
" gain a victory ſo complete over
" an involuntary ſentiment. Her
" fatal paſſion ceaſed but with her
" exiſtence. Forced into marriage
" by an ambitious mother, who,
" regardleſs of the happineſs of her
" child, ſought only to exalt her, ſhe
" found her hand in the poſſeſſion
" of the Duke de Gramont, while
" her heart was the conqueſt of the
" Marquis de Soiſſons."

" Unfortunate,

"Unfortunate, unhappy mother!" exclaimed the Marchioneſs; "how "ſingular our fate! while adverſe "ſtars placed an irrevocable bar "between thee and the object of "affection, by the ſame fatality, "that very hand which would have "formed thy felicity was deſtined "to complete the miſery of Julia." She ſunk her head upon the boſom of Madame de Tourville, and gave freedom to a torrent of tears: her tender friend ſuffered them to flow, and mingled drops of ſympathetic ſorrow.

When the young Marchioneſs found utterance, "Oh, my friend," ſhe cried, "what a conſolation is "thy friendſhip to the hapleſs "Julia! That ſoothing kindneſs, "which

" which ſoftened the mother's woe,
" extends its comforts to the child
" of her misfortunes! But delay
" not, my dear Tourville, to pur-
" ſue the intereſting narrative:
" point out to my imitation her
" ſpotleſs, pure example. Teach
" me to riſe, like her, ſuperior to
" calamity; and to ſacrifice, to the
" duty I owe a huſband, a paſſion
" ſo injurious to his tenderneſs.
" Let me prove the gratitude and
" reverence I owe to her reſpected
" memory, by redoubling my at-
" tentions and eſteem for an ob-
" ject ſo dear to her, ſo worthy
" the diſtinction of her love!"

Madame de Tourville thus re-ſumed:— " My acquaintance with

" your

" your amiable mother commenced
" in the Abbey aux Bois; where,
" preceding our reſpective mar-
" riages, we ſpent together three
" of our happieſt years. Alas! how
" frequently have we ſince regretted
" thoſe days of tranquil pleaſures!
" We were both born to affluence,
" and ſmiling fortune ſeemed to
" promiſe to our youthful hopes a
" circling train of ſocial joys. De-
" luſive, vain ideas!—too ſoon the
" flattering viſion fled, and early
" ſorrows daſhed with bitterneſs
" our cup of life, changing the
" charming proſpects we had
" formed into a vale of tears!—
" Yes, my young friend," (obſerv-
ing Madame de Soiſſons fixing
upon

upon her an eye of inquiſitive con-
cern,) " deeply have I felt afflic-
" tion's iron rod! one day you ſhall
" learn my fatal ſtory; at preſent
" let me continue ſcenes to you
" more intereſting. I paſs over
" theſe delightful years; ſufficient,
" for your information, is it to
" mention that my firſt year of
" widowhood expired at the period
" that the bridal one of Made-
" moiſelle de Valiere commenced.
" We were united in the tendereſt
" friendſhip; and, in compliance
" with the earneſt wiſhes of the
" young Ducheſs, I repaired to the
" hotel de Gramont, as ſoon as the
" public rejoicings which cele-
" brated her nuptials began to ſub-

" ſide. We were tranſported at
" the ſight of each other, after an
" interval of above two years, and
" were ſome moments ſpeechleſs;
" the mutual tears of ſenſibility
" ſtraying down our cheeks, from
" the force of tender recollection.
" The Duke entered during the
" dumb ſcene; but your father's
" ſalutation drew my attention ſud-
" denly to him, and I own I felt
" the moſt fatal preſages of my
" friend's unhappy lot, from the
" tone and words with which he
" accoſted me.

" ' Your arrival, Madam,' ſaid he
" in an ironical accent, ' is dou-
" ' bly welcome, both from your
" ' own merits, and the additional

" ' graces

" ' graces you reflect upon the Du-
" ' chefs de Gramont; ſince her re-
" ' ception of you diſcovers to me
" ' that ſhe has a heart capable of
" ' warmth and tenderneſs.'

" I found myſelf at a loſs for a
" reply, when the Baroneſs de Va-
" liere was announced. She politely
" welcomed me to Paris; and, hav-
" ing frequently ſeen me in her
" former viſits at the Abbey aux
" Bois, ſhe entered into converſa-
" tion relative to ſome occurrences
" which had paſſed at that period.
" During this diſcourſe the Duke
" withdrew, and I had leiſure to
" contemplate, unobſerved by her,
" the countenance of my friend.
" Having reſpectfully ſaluted the

 " Baroneſs,

" Baroneſs, ſhe had retired to a
" ſeat in one of the windows over-
" looking the gardens, reclining
" her head upon her hand: when
" we ſeparated at the convent,
" ſhe was in the dawn of opening
" charms; I now found her graces
" heightened by the radiant tints
" of finiſhed beauty. She was in-
" deed perfectly lovely; but over
" her features was ſpread a languor,
" which, though it in ſome degree
" obſcured the natural luſtre of
" her eyes, diminiſhed nothing
" from that captivating ſweetneſs
" which pourtrayed a mind alive to
" every ſentiment of benevolence
" and ſympathy! A ſoft and pen-
" ſive ſadneſs hung upon her brow,

" that

" that too plainly indicated ſhe
" was far from happy.

" The Baroneſs perceiving me to
" caſt an inquiring look upon the
" Ducheſs; ' Your arrival, Madame
" ' de Tourville,' ſaid ſhe, ' will
" ' have, I truſt, the moſt pleaſ-
" ' ing effect upon my daughter;
" ' ſhe has anxiouſly expected you;
" ' you are the ſiſter of her heart;
" ' your early friendſhip, and equa-
" ' lity of age, will influence her
" ' opinion, and, I flatter myſelf,
" ' excite in her a taſte for the
" ' public ſphere in which ſhe is
" ' now placed.

" ' You ſee her ſurrounded by
" ' magnificence and ſtate, the envy
" ' of our ſex, the adoration of man-

 " kind :

" ' kind: yet ſhe ſeems to view
" ' the homage ſhe attracts, and all
" ' the pomp of greatneſs, with an
" ' inſenſibility unaccountable in ſo
" ' young a creature.' As ſhe ſpoke
" I perceived a trickling tear ſteal
" down the cheek of Madame de
" Gramont, while her gentle bo-
" ſom ſeemed to ſuppreſs an invo-
" luntary ſigh. I was preparing
" a reply, when the Ducheſs was
" rouſed from her reflections by the
" arrival of company. Dinner was
" ſerved up, play ſucceeded, and
" the ſocial party broke not up
" till midnight.

" The Duke de Gramont, who
" could affect what character he
" choſe, appeared all life, all gai-

" ety;

" ety; and his charming wife af-
" ſumed at leaſt a vivacity, which
" added graces to all ſhe ſaid and
" did. 'You are now yourſelf,'
" whiſpered I to her during the
" courſe of the evening, 'the ſame
" 'ſmiling Henrietta I dreaded to
" 'have loſt.' — She preſſed my
" hand;—'It is the preſence of my
" 'Adelaide,' ſaid ſhe, 'that in-
" 'ſpires me with an unuſual joy,
" 'and revives ſome traces of
" 'long dormant happineſs!' She
" gently ſighed, and turned away
" abruptly, to conceal the ſtarting
" tear that trembled in her eye.

" I obſerved Madame de Valiere
" to be deeply engaged in play; it
" was, next to ambition, the dar-

" ling passion of her soul. She " arose a considerable winner; " which so visible elated her spi- " rits, that she oppressed me with " caresses, and professions of re- " gard. ' You have worked won- " ' ders, child,' said she; ' you will " ' render my daughter every thing " ' we wish. The Duke is enchant- " ' ed with the cheerful attentions " ' with which she has performed " ' the honours of this evening.' I " bowed in silence to this flattering " address, ardently longing for the " moment that should disperse this " gay assembly, and give me li- " berty to relax in my own apart- " ment from the fatigue my spirits " had undergone. Although I

" arrived

" arrived at the concluſion of the
" public rejoicings which had cele-
" brated the nuptials of your pa-
" rents, yet I found that ſucceſſive
" engagements left but little time
" for the renewal of thoſe charm-
" ing hours we had paſſed together
" in our ſweet retirement at the
" convent. The Duke, vain of
" exhibiting a bride ſo lovely, was
" daily promoting her appearance
" in the circles of the young and
" gay. He had no taſte for do-
" meſtic pleaſures: in his attach-
" ment to the Ducheſs, exterior
" beauty was her only charm; the
" refinement of her underſtanding,
" and the intellectual accompliſh-
" ments of her mind, could yield

" him

" him no delight. While Henri-
" etta poſſeſſed the powers of no-
" velty, ſhe maintained ſome em-
" pire over his heart; but, as he
" ever ſuffered his inclinations to
" predominate over his reaſon, he
" was the ſlave of paſſion, the eaſy
" prey of female artifice, and,
" though a ſhort-lived conqueſt,
" from his natural inconſtancy, yet
" he was the ſure captive of ſuc-
" ceſſive beauties.

" One evening, when, on pre-
" tence of a ſlight indiſpoſition,
" the Ducheſs had prevailed upon
" the Duke to leave her at home,
" we availed ourſelves of this firſt
" opportunity to paſs ſome unin-
" terrupted hours together. It was

" then

" then that, in recalling our girliſh
" amuſements to our remembrance,
" we renewed that mutual confi-
" dence which formed the firſt baſis
" of our early friendſhip. Alas! in
" thoſe days of innocent delight
" we had only pleaſures to com-
" municate; and if an ideal pain
" aroſe, from ſome diſappointed
" paſtime, 'the tear forgot as ſoon
" as ſhed' effaced the puerile ſor-
" row, and the bright beam of
" joy-inſpiring hope reſumed its
" empire in our youthful boſoms!
" Now, ſad reverſe! the die was
" caſt, and caſt for life! our minds,
" matured by age, and rendered
" more capable of reflection, ſeem-
" ed to have acquired from nature

" moſt

" moſt exquiſite ſenſibility, only to
" feel more acutely the arrows of
" adverſity! the world, of which
" our infant minds had formed
" ſuch flattering ideas, had already
" blaſted our every hope of happi-
" neſs! I had long reſigned my-
" ſelf to the ſtrokes of accumulated
" misfortunes; and now found, in
" addition to my ſorrows, that my
" dear and only friend, like me,
" was fated to experience afflic-
" tion's cruel hand! With poig-
" nant regret I diſcovered the
" dreaded confirmations of my ſuſ-
" picions, that my beloved Hen-
" rietta, in ſubmiſſion to an am-
" bitious mother's will, had ſacri-
" ficed her liberty and peace! I
" wept

" wept her deſtiny; but attempted
" to conſole her at the ſame time,
" by repreſenting that her griefs
" were more ſupportable than
" mine. I, in direct oppoſition to
" a father's ſacred commands, had
" dared to beſtow my hand un-
" ſanctified by duty; and, in unit-
" ing myſelf to the object of my
" inconſiderate love, had deſervedly
" incurred the miſeries that at-
" tended our inauſpicious marriage!
" while, on the contrary, her filial
" obedience gave her at leaſt a
" claim to comparative happineſs,
" with a man who could not but
" adore her; and, though he was
" not the preferred lover of her
" choice ſhe at leaſt had not, I

" flattered

" flattered myſelf, to enhance her
" ſorrows, the conſcious reproach
" that he had a rival in her affec-
" tions.—As I uttered theſe words
" her countenance changed; ſhe
" bent her eyes upon the ground,
" and heaving a gentle ſigh—' Ah
" ' my Adelaide!' ſaid ſhe, ' You
" ' have now touched a ſtring too
" ' tender! My affections, alas!
" ' are but too guilty, if an invo-
" ' luntary ſenſibility can be conſi-
" ' dered ſuch. They have ſtrayed
" ' beyond recall; and thy Henri-
" ' etta has given her empty hand
" ' to a huſband, while her heart
" ' is for ever devoted to another.'
" ' But,' continued ſhe, raiſing
" her charming eyes to heaven,

" and

" and claſping her uplifted hands,
" while the glow of conſcious virtue
" animated her features, ' never,
" ' never ſhall this unfortunate pre-
" ' ference be injurious to the duty
" ' I owe my huſband; my guiltleſs
" ' ſentiments ſhall never deviate
" ' from the vows I uttered at the
" ' altar: the heart that has erred
" ' ſhall be the victim of its frailty!
" ' while it beats with life, it ever
" ' muſt be dead to happineſs. You,
" ' my Adelaide, have beguiled me
" ' into the confeſſion of a weakneſs
" ' I ſcarce acknowledged to my-
" ' ſelf, and of which the object is,
" ' and ſhall be, eternally ignorant.
" ' But I conjure you, by your
" ' friendſhip, never to reſume the
" ' painful

" painful ſubject. Had not fate
" otherwiſe decreed, I might have
" gloried in my preference of con-
" ſpicuous merit, diſtinguiſhed by
" birth, but ennobled more by
" virtue, he was worthy of me;
" yet our irrevocable fate (which
" deſtined us not for each other)
" has placed a double bar between
" us! Never, never let the cruel
" officiouſneſs of friendſhip urge
" me to diſcloſe a name ſacred
" to ſilence: and reſt aſſured, the
" ſoul of Henrietta is capable of
" combating againſt every ſenti-
" ment inconſiſtent with her ho-
" nour and her duty.'

" The exalted creature ceaſed—
" after a pauſe of ſome moments,
" finding

" finding I continued ſpeechleſs,
" from the emotions of tender-
" neſs, pity, and admiration, ſhe,
" with a grace peculiar to her-
" ſelf, changed the converſation;
" and, aſſuming a compoſure which
" evinced the ſtrength of her re-
" ſolution, and greatneſs of her
" mind, varied the ſubject to ſome
" amuſing occurrences that were,
" at that period, faſhionable topics.

" She now carefully avoided any
" diſcourſe which could lead to a
" renewal of the confidence ſhe had
" repoſed in me. I beheld with
" pleaſure her amiable attempts to
" appear cheerful, and to enjoy
" the variety of amuſements ſhe
" partook of, in compliance with

 " her

" her lord's deſire: ſhe ſtudied
" the temper of his mind, endea-
" voured to prevent his wiſhes,
" and ſubmitted to his frequent
" impetuoſity of humour, with the
" moſt engaging ſweetneſs. But,
" notwithſtanding her delicate re-
" ſerve, I ſoon diſcovered the diſ-
" tinguiſhed rival of the Duke de
" Gramont; and it was, indeed,
" from that delicate reſerve of ſen-
" timent that I became the in-
" voluntary miſtreſs of a ſecret ſhe
" ſo ardently wiſhed to conceal
" even from me.

" One morning at breakfaſt a
" liſt of viſitors being, at her com-
" mand, preſented to the Ducheſs,
" the Duke requeſted to read them;

" and,

" and, in running through the
" names, careleſsly ſaid, while his
" eyes continued on the paper,
" ' Have not you forgot, Henrietta,
" ' to invite the Marquis and Mar-
" ' chioneſs de Soiſſons to your en-
" ' tertainment to morrow?' A
" bluſh overſpread her cheeks; ſhe
" replied, viſibly embarraſſed, that
" it was a voluntary omiſſion, from
" rather a diſlike to Madame de
" Soiſſons, whoſe diſſipated con-
" duct and levity of manners were
" peculiarly unpleaſing to her.

" ' Oh! you are too punctilious,'
" returned the Duke; ' and, from
" ' the refined decorum of your own
" ' ſentiments, expect a ſaint in
" ' every female acquaintance; yet I

" ' never heard you cenſorious be-
" ' fore. The Marchioneſs is univer-
" ' ſally courted and careſſed; her
" ' character is unblemiſhed; and
" ' that of the Marquis,' with rather
" a ſatirical ſmile, ' is perfectly dei-
" ' fied, from its near approach to
" ' perfection; ſo, Henrietta, by
" ' no means omit an invitation to
" ' them.'

" The Ducheſs bowed a ſilent
" aſſent, with ſuch a look of in-
" quietude, that I was not without
" my ſuſpicions, her objection to
" Madame de Soiſſons was the re-
" ſult of ſecret jealouſy; but the
" events of the evening proved me
" miſtaken in that conjecture.

" An

" An admired opera being to be
" performed that night, the Du-
" cheſs, with her accuſtomed atten-
" tion to the Duke's amuſement,
" propoſed our going; he readily
" aſſented; but, when the hour
" arrived, he was ſo deeply en-
" gaged at play with the Baroneſs
" de Valiere, (who intended to be
" of the party), that he deſired
" Madame de Gramont to excuſe
" him for half an hour, when he
" would join us with her mother:
" ſhe requeſted we might wait for
" them, but they would by no
" means permit it; ſhe then reluct-
" antly obeyed, and we ſet out to-
" gether for the opera. At the

" concluſion of the firſt act, the
" Ducheſs ſtood up to enter into
" converſation with ſome ladies in
" the adjoining box: ſuddenly I
" obſerved her complexion turn of
" a death-like paleneſs, at the ap-
" pearance of the Marquis de Soiſ-
" ſons. She was, for the firſt
" moment of her life, unguarded.
" Caſting a look of anxiety on me,
" 'Oh, my God!' ſhe ſoftly ex-
" claimed, as ſhe ſeated herſelf by
" me: alarmed at her apparent agi-
" tation, I tenderly inquired if ſhe
" found herſelf indiſpoſed? She
" inſtantly recollected her indiſcre-
" tion; her face was overſpread
" with conſcious bluſhes; — ſhe

" fanned

"fanned herſelf, and complained
"of the heat of the houſe, which
"was indeed exceſſive.

"Monſieur de Soiſſons, whoſe
"attention had hitherto been en-
"gaged by the party in the next
"box, now firſt diſcovered the
"Ducheſs de Gramont: the ten-
"dereſt emotion was viſible in his
"countenance, as he reſpectfully
"bowed to her; and, from that
"intereſting moment, I was no
"longer ignorant of the mutual
"and unfortunate attachment of
"the two moſt perfect beings that
"Nature had ever formed! He
"was then, my Julia, in the prime
"of youth; his figure full of dig-
"nity and grace, and his fine fea-

" tures animated by thoſe amiable
" and exalted ſentiments which
" ſo eminently have diſtinguiſhed
" his character through the courſe
" of his exemplary life.

" The Ducheſs had reſumed an
" apparent compoſure: ſhe aroſe;
" and, with a look of ineffable
" ſweetneſs, chaſtened by that de-
" licate reſerve which ever ruled
" her conduct, inquired after the
" health of Madame de Soiſſons.
" The opera recommencing, ſhe
" fixed all her attention to the
" ſtage, except when ſhe turned
" her anxious eyes towards the
" door in queſt of the Duke, who,
" however, did not arrive the whole
" evening. Her averted looks gave

" the

" the Marquis an opportunity of
" contemplating the beauty with
" which his heart ſeemed evidently
" but too tenderly impreſſed. I
" could perceive him gaze with
" expreſſive admiration, and often
" attempt to ſuppreſs an heaving
" ſigh. Taught myſelf, in adver-
" ſity's hard ſchool, to feel a pang
" for every ſon and daughter of
" affliction, I was ſenſibly touched
" with regret for an ill-fated pair,
" whoſe congenial minds ſeemed
" formed for each other's happi-
" neſs, yet were too ſurely the in-
" voluntary ſource to each other
" of mutual miſery! Honour and
" delicacy, which ſuffered not ſo
" unfortunate a paſſion to paſs the
" ſacred

" ſacred bounds of ſilence, refuſed
" them even the ſoothing ſatisfaction
" of knowing their reciprocal at-
" tachment. The Ducheſs, indeed,
" (though never did I hear her
" acknowledge it), could ſcarcely
" be ignorant of the impreſſion ſhe
" had made; what was viſible to
" my friendſhip, could not be un-
" obſerved by the more piercing
" eye of love: yet her delicacy
" of ſentiment admitted not the
" avowal even to me; nor could
" ſhe have ſurvived the idea that
" the object of a prepoſſeſſion, ſhe
" uſed every effort to ſubdue, was
" conſcious of his triumph. No-
" thing but her reſtraint, in his
" company, and obvious wiſhes to

" avoid

" avoid his converſation, could " divulge the ſecret. At the con- " cluſion of the opera, Madame " de Gramont haſtily accepted the " offered hand of Monſieur de " Rouville to lead her to the car- " riage, with the evident deſign " of eluding the attentions of the " Marquis, who ſilently bowed as " ſhe paſſed. We found the Duke " and Madame de Valiere as deeply " engroſſed at play as when we " left them; they ſeemed ſurpriſed " at our early return, and the Duke " declared he could not have con- " ceived the opera to have been " half over.

" The next morning, as we were " walking in the garden, the Du- " cheſs looked at me with earneſt-

" neſs;

" neſs; and then caſting down her
" eyes, ' My Adelaide,' ſaid ſhe
" in a low voice, ' is a friend in-
" ' deed; ſhe has diſcovered the
" ' weakneſs of Henrietta, yet
" ' generouſly forbears her re-
" ' proaches.'

" ' So little do I think Henrietta
" ' capable of weakneſs,' replied
" I, ' that I cannot acknowledge
" ' having diſcovered any. I ſee
" ' nothing in ſo irreproachable a
" ' conduct but a firmneſs of mind
" ' worthy admiration.' ' Ah,
" ' there,' exclaimed ſhe, ' you
" ' have betrayed yourſelf; your
" ' partial friendſhip vainly would
" ' appear unconſcious of what is
" ' but too viſible: though heaven
" ' forbid (caſting a fearful look)
" ' that

" ' that any eye but yours ſhould
" ' have perceived the fatal truth
" ' I would conceal even from my-
" ' ſelf.

" ' You know the extent of my
" ' guilt, if an inadvertent and re-
" ' ſiſted ſentiment can merit an
" ' epithet ſo ſevere. You know,
" ' alas! that the wife of Gramont
" ' loves the huſband of another;
" ' but,' claſping her hands, and
" covering with a handkerchief her
" burning cheek, ' let my tongue
" ' at leaſt be guiltleſs!—let it not
" ' dare to utter a name ſo dear, ſo
" ' fatal!' A flood of tears ruſhed
" to the relief of her almoſt burſt-
" ing heart. I ſoothed the beau-
" teous mourner, and endeavoured

" to

" to reconcile her to herſelf, by " expatiating upon the rectitude of " her conduct, and the innocence of " her mind. — I think, my deareſt " Julia," continued Madame de Tourville, " you are now too ſuf- " ficiently acquainted with the ſen- " timents of your irreproachable " mother, to imagine her lot of " happineſs ſuperior to your own. " Never did the unkindneſs ſhe " experienced from a huſband ex- " tort from her patient gentleneſs " a ſingle reproach: her exemplary " attention to pleaſe him was unre- " mitted; though the only return " ſhe met with was moroſeneſs " and ill-humour. His caprice of " temper was, however, kept with-

" in

" in tolerable bounds for the firſt
" twelve months of their union; till
" the birth of a daughter, by diſ-
" appointing him of an expected
" heir, increaſed his unkindneſs
" to her unhappy mother. Your
" appearance about four years af-
" terwards, during which interval
" he had buried two ſucceſſive
" ſons, completed the diſpleaſure
" of your father: you were follow-
" ed by one more brother, who
" ſurvived his premature birth but
" a few hours. This fatal event
" threw the Duke into ſuch a fit
" of deſperation as made every
" ſpectator tremble: though the
" unfortunate Ducheſs was herſelf
" in a ſtate which foreboded an al-

" moſt

" moſt immediate diſſolution, the
" unfeeling Duke, totally regard-
" leſs of a life ſo valuable, ſhewed
" no anxiety on her account, and
" was with difficulty reſtrained
" from entering the apartment
" where ſhe lay, pale and expiring,
" to reproach the innocent and
" lovely mother with the death of
" an infant, who was on the point
" of cauſing her's.

" It pleaſed heaven to reſtore
" her for a ſhort interval to our
" prayers. She feebly recovered
" from immediate danger; but her
" delicate conſtitution was ſo im-
" paired by the Duke's unkindneſs,
" joined to the loſs of her ſons,
" whom ſhe fondly though ſecretly
" regretted,

" regretted, that I ſaw, with the
" tendereſt concern, ſhe would too
" ſoon be ſnatched from a huſband
" unworthy of her, and from
" daughters, whoſe dawning rea-
" ſon became daily more capable
" of imbibing the precepts of ſuch
" a mother! Monſieur de Gra-
" mont, although the declining
" health of this incomparable wo-
" man was but too viſible, paid
" her no attention. His hardened
" heart, inſenſible even to re-
" morſe, purſued his pleaſures
" uncontroled; while we reſided
" conſtantly at a ſeat within a few
" leagues of Paris, whither ſhe had
" retired after the death of the
" Baroneſs de Valiere. In this

" ſweet retreat we were ſeldom
" viſited by your father: the Du-
" cheſs employed her well-regu-
" lated time in acts of benevolence
" to the ſurrounding poor, and in
" a perſeverance of that humble
" piety which kept her in conſtant
" preparation for that heavenly
" ſummons, which the languid
" ſituation of her health, for the
" laſt ſix months, made her almoſt
" daily expect. Her hours of hap-
" pineſs were thoſe ſhe indulged
" with her beloved children. In
" their preſence ſhe ſeemed to loſe
" the remembrance of every ſor-
" row, till a recollection of the im-
" pending ſtroke, which was to
" deprive them of her protection,

" would

" would ſometimes force the in-
" voluntary tear.

" Several weeks elapſed with-
" out the Duke's viſiting his in-
" jured wife, or even making an
" inquiry; and, notwithſtanding
" the frequent information I pri-
" vately ſent him of the Ducheſs's
" increaſing illneſs, he neither an-
" ſwered my letters, or took any
" notice of their contents. Her
" reſignation was exemplary as her
" faultleſs life had been: ſhe was
" ſenſible of her approaching fate,
" and of the indifference of a huſ-
" band, from whom ſhe merited a
" tenderer treatment. She wiſhed
" to have recommended the pledges
" of her unfortunate union to the

"protection of their father—but
"this ſad conſolation was denied
"her: ſhe regretted, but ſhe mur-
"mured not: death had no ter-
"rors for a ſoul like her's! and
"ſhe only lamented her untimely
"doom from the tender claims of
"maternal affection. How would
"ſhe ſtrain her children to her
"boſom; and, while the tear of
"anxious fondneſs ſtole down her
"cheek, implore the bleſſing of
"her God to guard their bloom-
"ing innocence! She conjured
"me never to forſake them, but
"to prove my regard to her me-
"mory by an unremitted attention
"to them. 'When I am no more,
"'oh, Adelaide,' ſaid ſhe, 'be thou
"'a mother

" ' a mother to theſe unfortunate
" ' remains of a beloved friend!
" ' cultivate their tender minds,
" ' train them to virtue, implant
" ' religion as the firſt of duties—
" ' that point includes them all.
" ' Should the diſregard the Duke
" ' evinces towards their dying mo-
" ' ther exiſt beyond the grave, and
" ' extend its influence to her ſur-
" ' viving daughters, tell them that
" ' no want of tenderneſs in the pa-
" ' rent can juſtify a breach of filial
" ' duty.—Yet ſurely nature muſt
" ' plead in the boſom of a father.
" ' Their innocence claims his pro-
" ' tection, let their obedience me-
" ' rit his affection! but oh, my

" ' Adelaide ! warn their unſuſpect-
" ' ing youth to ſhun the deluſive
" ' pleaſures of the world : convince
" ' them that the tranquil vale of
" ' retirement leads alone to real
" ' happineſs ! ſoon will theſe lan-
" ' guid eyes be cloſed in peace,
" ' and my ſad boſom breathe its
" ' final ſigh ! Let my cold remains
" ' be privately depoſited in their
" ' native earth ; let me be forgot-
" ' ten : may no ſculptured urn or
" ' pageant monument denote the
" ' dwelling where my relics ſleep.
" ' Aſſure the Duke I die in per-
" ' fect friendſhip with him ; con-
" ' juring heaven to ſhower upon
" ' his head its choiceſt bleſſings.—
" ' Oh !

" ' Oh! may that heaven with
" ' enlightening beams recall him
" ' from the paths of error!'

" Theſe were her laſt worldly
" ſentiments; her remaining mo-
" ments were dedicated to her
" God, with that fervency of de-
" votion which had ſupported her
" through the trials of her ſhort
" life, and which now reconciled
" her to become the victim of an
" early grave!

" Not to dwell longer on a ſub-
" ject too affecting to your ſenſi-
" bility, let me cloſe the ſcene of
" that pure and ſpotleſs life which
" deprived the world of an orna-
" ment — my Julia of a mother —
" myſelf of a friend invaluable!"—

A pathetic pauſe enſued: tears and ſighs for ſome time ſupplied the place of language; the Marchioneſs fixed her ſtreaming eyes upon her friend, in an agony of unutterable ſorrow. At length the tranſport of her tears ſubſided, and recollective reaſon calmed her ſoul.

"What do I not owe you, oh "my friend!" ſaid ſhe, "for "pointing to my view this bright "example? Never can the ſad "ſtory of a mother's woes be "effaced from my remembrance! "her perfect character ſhall be "my guide through life. What "are my miſeries compared with "hers? they are comparatively "bleſſings. Shall I dare to mur-

"mur

" mur at my fate when I reflect
" how ſhe ſupported accumulated
" ills!

" Oh, may my future reſign-
" ation to the will of heaven ren-
" der me in ſome degree worthy
" ſuch a mother! from this mo-
" ment I devote myſelf to the
" duties of that ſtation wherein
" deſtiny has placed me.

" Let the diſtinguiſhed object of
" a mother's love be that of my
" cheerful attentions and grateful
" eſteem—let the want of warmer
" ſentiments be ſupplied by an
" unremitted aſſiduity to pleaſe—
" may I render happy the even-
" ing of a huſband's days, whoſe
" morning and meridian of life

" were

" were marked by diſappointment
" and imbittered by adverſity."

Madame de Tourville folded the Marchioneſs to her boſom. " There ſpoke," ſaid ſhe, " the ſpi-
" rit of my departed friend! there
" ſpoke the daughter of Henri-
" etta de Gramont! — Go on, my
" child, purſue the virtuous path, it
" leads to honour and to happineſs:
" it will ſecure the calm joys of
" conſcious innocence in this life,
" render ſerene the ſolemn hour
" of death, and crown with glory
" your tranſition to the bright
" manſions of eternity!"

Tranquillity ſeemed now, in ſome meaſure, reſtored to the mind of Julia: ſhe wiped away the traces

of

of her tears, and attempted to adjuſt her countenance with ſmiles to meet her lord.—The more ſhe became acquainted with the character of the Marquis, the more worthy ſhe found it of her eſteem and gratitude.—His heart was the ſeat of every virtue, and his actions daily proved him the benevolent friend of human nature;—he was, as he deſerved to be, univerſally beloved, honoured, and revered.

Let us for the preſent quit the Chateau de Soiſſons to follow Auguſtus to that of Senanges.—In vain did his illuſtrious friends attempt to ſooth his ſorrows:—ſtill did the remembrance of his loſt

Julia

Julia haunt every thought, and mingle with every idea. — They conſiderately ſuffered him, without oppoſition, to indulge his hopeleſs paſſion; and he paſſed whole days in thoſe embowering groves where firſt he whiſpered the ſoft tale of love, and received, exchanged for his, the artleſs heart of Julia.—In vain did they paint the charms of other females who frequented the Caſtle — his eyes were dead to beauty's power, and his heart was coldly inſenſible to any attractions but thoſe alone, which to him were loſt for ever.

The Baron de Neuville reſided at an elegant manſion within a ſhort diſtance of the Chateau de Senanges

Senanges—thither he had retired, upon the death of a lamented wife, to educate, in ſolitude, a beauteous and only daughter.

Leonora de Neuville was in the bloom of ſeventeen when Madame de Senanges returned from attending the nuptials of her ſiſter:—it was then that the Baron firſt preſented her to the Counteſs;—with a very lovely perſon was blended the natural dignity of birth, completed by a poliſhed, though retired, education.

To the attentions of a father ſhe was indebted for the cultivation of a natural genius, but he had left her totally ignorant of that world which he had himſelf voluntarily renounced;

renounced; and, unwilling to diſturb her innocent pleaſures, he pointed not out the thorns which too often obſtruct the path of life.—Thus, unprepared for dangers, her heart was elated with expected happineſs,—never yet had it heaved the ſigh of ſorrow,—it had only beat with gaiety and animating hope!—the bloom of Hebe glowed upon her cheek,—joy dimpled round her mouth, and ſparkled in her eye, chaſtened gently by inborn delicacy and conſcious virtue.

The young Counteſs was charmed with her appearance, and, on an improved acquaintance, found Leonora poſſeſſed of ſo many engaging qualities,

qualities, that ſhe was ſolicitous to cultivate her friendſhip. Madame de Senanges was univerſally adored throughout the environs of her caſtle; her eaſy affability and winning condeſcenſion gained every heart.—The Baron, who found in the Counteſs an amiable pattern for the imitation of his daughter, with pleaſure obſerved their growing intimacy; and, happy in an opportunity of introducing the darling of his heart under ſuch deſirable auſpices, he accepted, very frequently, the preſſing invitation of the Count and Counteſs.

A ſucceſſion of company ſoon interrupted that retirement which Auguſtus hoped for at the Chateau de

de Senanges. At firſt his attentive friends kindly diſpenſed with his appearance in their ſocial circles, and he devoted conſtantly thoſe days to ſolitude on which the neighbouring nobleſſe viſited at the Caſtle.

Upon theſe occaſions he choſe for his retreat a mauſoleum, which was encompaſſed with a thick grove of mournful yew and cypreſs. This awful receptacle of death, ſacred to the anceſtors of the illuſtrious houſe of Senanges, was ſituated on the higheſt eminence in the gardens: it commanded from one ſpot, where a ſeat, in the form of an antique ſepulchre, was placed, an extenſive proſpect of the adjacent

adjacent country. From hence a diſtinct view of an obeliſk, in the Marquis de Soiſſon's park, was diſcernible, though at the diſtance of five leagues. — It was here the unfortunate Chevalier paſſed his ſad hours! the ſolemn gloom which ſurrounded him ſoothed his deſpair; — his ſoul was attuned to all its ſombre horrors; and he derived even a degree of mournful conſolation from the diſcordant notes uttered by the ill-omened choriſters of this ſequeſtered grove.

When the pale deity of night began to extend her gentle radiance over the ſpangled hemiſphere, and to twinkle through the trembling foliage, then did this diſ-

conſolate and faithful lover uſually quit the ſacred edifice, and with reluctant ſteps approach the caſtle: there, to appear leſs wretched, he ſuppreſſed his ſorrows, that he might not interrupt the happineſs of that amiable pair who ſo tenderly attempted to aſſuage his anguiſh. The indulgence he allowed his grief in ſolitude enabled him, at length, to aſſume more cheerfulneſs when he rejoined his friends; conſequently they began to hope that time might reconcile him to his fate, and vanquiſh at length a hopeleſs paſſion.

The beauty of Leonora inſpired the Counteſs with the moſt ſanguine hopes that its influence might be

be effectual in baniſhing her ſiſter's idea from his mind; and ſhe thought her truly worthy of ſupplanting Julia in the Chevalier's affections.

One day, when a public dinner was given to the Baron, and ſeveral of the ſurrounding nobility, the Counteſs entreated Monſieur de Neuville to indulge her with the company of his lovely daughter for a few weeks; he politely acquieſced, and ſhe remained at the caſtle. This was the firſt time Leonora had experienced a ſeparation from her father: as he bade her adieu a pearly tear deſcended upon his cheek, which inſenſibly trickled from her charming eyes, while he

imprinted his bleſſing on her lips: but ſoon her little heart, elate with happineſs, forgot the momentary grief, and ſmiled away her ſorrow.

Towards the evening, Monſieur de Soiſſons quitted the ſilent manſions of the dead, and ſlowly bent his ſolitary way towards the caſtle, through a long avenue of lofty elms; he deſcried, at a diſtance, two human forms: — he ſtopped, and would have ſtruck down a winding path, but the voice of the Counteſs prevented him; and he quickened his pace as ſhe advanced with Mademoiſelle de Neuville. Henrietta had prepared a pleaſing ſurpriſe for the diſconſolate Auguſtus, and preſented to him her fair companion,

compânion, curious to obſerve the effect of her ſtriking charms; he bowed reſpectfully; the timid Leonora bluſhed: — the moon's reſplendent beams gave him a full view of her graceful elegance of mien. Her garb was ſpotleſs white, which was peculiarly adapted to a countenance of angelic innocence; they ſilently approached the caſtle; the melodious nightingale alone was vocal, it thrilled harmonious notes; her ſweetly plaintive voice was a pleaſing contraſt to the diſcordant concert of moping owls, from which Auguſtus came. A ray of ſoothing ſatisfaction diffuſed itſelf over the heart of even the lovelorn Soiſſons. The Count met

them at the door, and accompanied them into the ſaloon, where ſupper waited.

The Counteſs placed her young friend oppoſite to Auguſtus, that he might have leiſure to contemplate thoſe charms ſhe ſo ardently hoped might ſhake his unavailing conſtancy. He felt himſelf under a painful conſtraint; and caſt on Madame de Senanges a look of gentle reproach, for having introduced him to a ſtranger: ſhe ſmiled; and, entering into converſation with the Count and Mademoiſelle de Neuville, left him at liberty to indulge his own reflections. Caſting a glance now and then on Leonora, Auguſtus was ſtruck

ſtruck with the elegance of her figure, the ſymmetry of her features, and the graces of her addreſs; but the power of beauty ſerved only to remind him of her in whom he thought all feminine perfection centered.

Mademoiſelle de Neuville beheld the Chevalier with uncommon emotion; the intereſting ſadneſs of his countenance, his air of dignity, and the affecting tone of his voice, made a deep impreſſion on her mind: ſhe heard his involuntary ſighs, and gently echoed them, while the tear of ſympathy trembled in her eye. The Chevalier perceived it; he fixed on her a look of tender gratitude; a conſcious

bluſh illumined her face; ſhe averted it,—and the chryſtal drop, which hovered in its ſluice, ſtole down her damaſk cheek.

Auguſtus felt unuſually agitated; the generous compaſſion of this lovely creature pained and delighted him; he attempted to ſpeak—his tongue refuſed him utterance: he reached a baſket of nectarines, and tremblingly preſented them. She advanced her ſnowy hand, bluſhed again, and ſelected one. This ſilent, yet eloquent ſcene, did not eſcape the obſervation of Monſieur and Madame de Senanges, but they affected not to ſee it. The Count aroſe, and relieved her diſtreſs, by offering a harp to Leonora;

nora: ſhe accepted it; her taper fingers touched the ſtrings, and ſhe appeared with a thouſand additional graces.

Monſieur de Soiſſons retired to his chamber, when the hour of ſeparation came: — there Julia's loved idea again aſſailed his imagination; it effaced the form of Leonora, whoſe preſence had intereſted him, but whoſe abſence baniſhed her from his thoughts. During the following week a ceſſation from company ſtopped the progreſs of his daily viſits to the mauſoleum: in complaiſance to the Count and Counteſs, he conſented to be leſs ſolitary; but he ſometimes ſtole away from their attentions to reflect

fect at liberty upon his adored Marchioneſs. The gentle Leonora dearly paid for theſe frequent opportunities of acquainting herſelf with the virtues of the Chevalier: the more ſhe obſerved the expreſſive dejection of his countenance, the more he became to her an intereſting object. She ſecretly lamented his private ſorrows, till, infected by his ſadneſs, ſhe began to loſe that agreeable vivacity, that charming gaiety, which had before diſtinguiſhed her. She became ſilent and penſive when abſent from Auguſtus, and in his preſence the tendereſt inquietude was viſible in her eyes.

The

The Counteſs, who diſcovered this ſudden alteration in her fair charge, though ſhe did not totally deſpair of the ſucceſs of her ſcheme, yet thought it prudent to acquaint her of the ſituation of the Chevalier's heart, by informing her that the diſappointment of his hopes, in a very tender attachment, had occaſioned the apparent dejection of his ſpirits.— "Ah!" exclaimed Leonora, with emotion, "exiſts "there the heart capable of ingra- "titude and falſehood to the Che- "valier de Soiſſons?" The penetrating glance that the Counteſs caſt upon her at this moment brought a conſcious glow into her artleſs face, and her embarraſſment

was

was happily relieved by the entrance of Monſieur de Senanges, which gave her an opportunity to retire to her apartment.

In the evening Auguſtus and Leonora happening to be left together, the latter, by every winning attention, endeavoured to amuſe Monſieur de Soiſſons. After having played at his requeſt upon the harp, ſhe placed it with inimitable grace in his hands; and, looking at him with an enchanting ſmile, ſhe told him that he muſt now, in return for her compliance, try his ſkill upon the inſtrument. He gazed at her with tender earneſtneſs, but ſeemed diſinclined to accept the propoſal till ſhe repeated her

her entreaties; he then reluctantly obeyed, and his fingers, inſpired by his ſentiments, expreſſed the plaintive ſounds of a deſpairing lover bewailing unrequited love. The pathetic notes were too much for the gentle heart of Leonora! her eyes, and thoſe of Auguſtus, accidentally met; they were both ſuffuſed with tears! never did ſhe appear ſo intereſtingly lovely as at this moment: he felt all the irreſiſtible force of beauty; he threw aſide the harp. — "Ah, Madam," exclaimed he, "is it poſſible that "I can have cauſed thoſe precious "tears! can the unfortunate Soiſ- "ſons have occaſioned a moment's "pain in that gentle boſom which "ſhould

" ſhould ever be the abode of hap-
" pineſs and peace!"

Her tongue was ſilent, but her grief was audible: he ſunk at her feet; and, tenderly taking one of her hands, while the other concealed with a handkerchief her bluſhing cheek — " Too generous " Leonora!" continued he, " born " to wretchedneſs myſelf, let not " my griefs caſt a gloom over thy " brighter proſpects. No — ſmiling " happineſs ſhall bleſs thy ſpring, " and crown thy cloſe of life — " propitious love ſhall weave for " thee its faireſt chaplets, and thy " heart ſhall be the ſweet reward of " conſtancy and truth." — " Never, " never!" uttered the weeping Leonora,

Leonora, gently withdrawing her hand—"while thou art wretched, "this feeling heart muſt be inſenſi- "ble to joy."

At that inſtant the Counteſs entered, with a countenance expreſſive of pleaſing ſurpriſe at a ſcene ſo unexpected. The laſt words of Mademoiſelle de Neuville reſounded in her ear: the Chevalier was advancing to the Counteſs with an embarraſſed air, when a ſervant appeared, who delivered her a meſſage. This gave Leonora an opportunity to recover from her emotion, by withdrawing to a window; and Monſieur de Senanges joining them, the converſation became general. Henrietta minutely ſcrutinized

tinized the looks of Auguſtus and Leonora: they both ſeemed animated with the tendereſt ſenſibility; and ſhe flattered herſelf, from the converſation ſhe had interrupted on entering, that a reciprocal affection was kindling in their hearts. She informed the Count of her pleaſing conjectures; but they mutually agreed not to precipitate an ecclairciſſement till time gave them a ſtronger confirmation of their hopes.

The Marquis de Soiſſons grew every day more tenderly attached to his incomparable wife; but he obſerved, with ſecret regret, an air of melancholy languor frequently diffuſe itſelf over her countenance

tenance, her aſſumed gaiety would ſometimes forſake her, and an inadvertent ſigh eſcape her boſom. He would then caſt upon her a look of fond inquietude. Whenever the Marchioneſs perceived theſe emotions in her lord, ſhe inſtantly diſpelled the involuntary gloom, and, with her ſmiles, becalmed his tender fears. Anxious to procure her amuſements, he was conſtantly propoſing them; but ſhe, with her uſual gentleneſs, aſſured him that his ſociety was her only wiſh.

The Marquis one day found her diſſolved in tears, while ſhe held in her hand a letter from Madame de Senanges: he earneſtly inquired the cauſe of her concern, fearful

that ſome unpleaſing event had happened at Senanges: ſhe preſented him the paper; and, brightening into ſmiles, informed him that the Count and Counteſs were in perfect health, and that he muſt attribute the weakneſs ſhe betrayed to the affection ſhe bore a ſiſter, from whom, ſince her birth, ſhe had never before been ſeparated.—"Your tenderneſs for Henrietta, my "deareſt Julia," replied he, "far "from meriting the name of weak-"neſs, is one of the innumerable "graces of your character—it is "long ſince you have ſeen that "amiable ſiſter; I will myſelf at-"tend you to the Caſtle de Senan-"ges: we will depart immediately:

"I anti-

" I anticipate the agreeable ſurpriſe " and mutual rapture of your meet- " ing, and fly inſtantly to give or- " ders for our expedition."—With theſe words he haſtily quitted the Marchioneſs, leaving her in a very painful dilemna.

Her inclinations ſtrongly impelled her to viſit Henrietta, but her prudence was alarmed by the dread of meeting, at Senanges, an object whom ſhe was but too conſcious ſhe could not behold with indifference.

She reperuſed, with trembling anxiety, her letter; but found no mention of the Chevalier. From this circumſtance ſhe flattered herſelf with the hope that he was

returned to Paris; and, as ſhe could oppoſe no reaſonable objection to her lord's kind deſign, ſhe inſtantly prepared for an excurſion; which, but for one uncertainty, would have yielded her the trueſt pleaſure.— She confided theſe delicate ſcruples in the boſom of her faithful Tourville; who, ſenſible that there was no remedy in the preſent circumſtance, encouraged her to reſign every fear in the heartfelt joy of embracing a beloved ſiſter.

In a couple of hours the equipages were in readineſs; and they ſet forward for the Chateau de Senanges time enough to arrive there before the cloſe of evening.— As they approached the ſpot, which had

had once been the ſcene of an unfortunate exchange of hearts, and paſſed the grove which had ſo often witneſſed the mutual vows of unpropitious love, the Marchioneſs could not conceal her agitations; her colour varied, and ſhe with difficulty withheld her tears.—Her attentive lord perceived the tremors of her mind, and tenderly endeavoured to fortify her againſt the overflowing of a ſenſibility which, he feared, might be prejudicial to her delicate frame.—At length they arrived—Julia was prepared to fly into her ſiſter's arms; but, ardently as ſhe wiſhed the interview, ſhe dreaded it; and felt a relief from the information they received on entering,

tering, that the Count and Counteſs had dined out that day, and were not yet returned.

The Chevalier had not been named; a circumſtance which confirmed Madame de Soiſſons in her hopes that he was no longer a gueſt at Senanges. This flattering conjecture in ſome meaſure reſtored her ſerenity: they were ſhewn into the library, and preſented with refreſhments, which were acceptable after a journey immoderately hot. The Marquis began to amuſe himſelf by looking over ſome capital drawings which were ſpread on a table: Madame de Tourville was examining a full-length picture of the Counteſs, which

which had lately been placed in this apartment; while the Marchioneſs looked fearfully round the room to ſee if ſhe could diſcover any traces of Auguſtus. She rejoiced at diſcerning none; and, advancing towards a glaſs door, which was thrown open to admit the fragrance of the various flowers which luxuriantly ſurrounded it, ſhe was tempted to ſtray upon the verdant lawn. — All was calm; the air breathed odoriferous gales; her feet, with involuntary motion, led her to a walk ſhe had often trod with her loved Soiſſons; the meeting beech had formed a natural canopy above; the blooming roſe and twining woodbine, in wild profuſion, bent

their branches to ſcatter at her feet their mingled ſweets.

As ſhe entered the grove ſhe caſt her eyes towards the apartment which had once contained the Chevalier. The windows were open, and the luſtring curtains gently waved; ſhe heaved a ſigh, and proceeded.

The plaintive Philomela had began her evening melody—with ſlow and penſive air the beauteous Julia moved—each ſeat, each ſhrub, recalled a dear idea to her mind! She viewed, with painful pleaſure, every memento of her former love. Here glowed the amaranthus, there bluſhed the gay carnation, whoſe opening ſweets and budding infancy

fancy ſhe had watched and tended in their early ſpring.

Wrapt in this ſad but ſoothing contemplation, ſhe advanced, till a proſtrate bench, which ſome boiſterous ſummer ſtorm had overſet, obſtructed her paſſage. An opening path appearing through the trees, ſhe followed it inſenſibly: its winding turns led imperceptibly up an eaſy aſcent; and ſhe was rouſed from her reverie, by finding herſelf conducted to the mauſoleum. This edifice, though ſhe had often paſſed, ſhe never yet had entered: it was accuſtomed to be kept conſtantly ſhut—the door now ſtood a-jar; and, though the gloom of the ſurrounding evergreens caſt a ſolemn

a ſolemn ſhade, and inſpired Julia with a ſecret terror, yet ſhe felt herſelf impelled to approach the drear abode. The noiſe ſhe made on entering alarmed her; the door grated on its ruſty hinges; and, echoing through the vaulted arches, diſturbed that awful ſtillneſs which increaſed the ſepulchral horrors of this region of mortality!

The Marchioneſs trembled as ſhe fearfully ſurveyed the dome, whoſe monumental niches contained the departed anceſtry of Senanges. She had ſcarcely power to return towards the door, with an intent to quit it, when the ſolemn tones of an organ, from the adjoining chapel, ſtruck her ear;—they ceaſed;

ſhe

ſhe again made an effort to depart: but her terrors were yet heightened by the ſlow tread of advancing ſteps. She became immoveable; ſhe uttered a faint ſcream;—a form appeared—it perceived her fears—it flew to ſupport her in its arms—it ſunk with her on the marble pavement. What were the emotions of Auguſtus, when he found his Julia claſped in his embrace! he was for an inſtant loſt in ecſtaſy; but was ſoon rouſed to a fatal ſenſibility — her beauteous eyes were cloſed; a death-like paleneſs had overſpread her face, and ſhe appeared a fit inhabitant of this awful dwelling! In an agony of grief he called upon her name;

" Oh

"Oh Julia, adorable Julia!"—he cried—"and is it thus we meet "again? ſhall the grim king of "terrors, who here keeps his fatal "court, prey on a form ſo lovely? "Oh, hear me Julia! hear thy "once loved Auguſtus—it is his "voice recalls thee to life!"—She ſtill continued motionleſs.—The Chevalier was in deſpair; but, recollecting there was ſome water lodged in a ciſtern near the building, he gently reſted the Marchioneſs on the ſteps that led to the chapel, and, having haſtily reached a velvet cuſhion from the altar, and placed it to ſupport her head, he flew to fill his hat with water. He ſprinkled her face, and chafed her temples—his cares ſucceeded—

Julia

Julia breathed a ſigh, and, opening her eyes, ſhe fixed them on the Chevalier — he removed to a reſpectful diſtance — ſhe gazed with aſtoniſhment around — then, ſuddenly recollecting every circumſtance, ſhe began to account for her ſituation: — but, endeavouring to recover her accuſtomed courage, ſhe attempted to riſe — he offered his trembling hand; ſhe timidly accepted it to ſuſtain her feeble frame — he preſumed to lift it to his lips, and ſhe withdrew it with an air of diſpleaſure.—"Ah, "Madam," ſaid the Chevalier, "nor cruel duty, nor rigid virtue, "can deny this poor reward for "faithful love! refuſe not the un-

"fortunate

" fortunate Auguſtus one ſigh to
" the memory of that tender paſ-
" ſion which you in happier days
" permitted."

" Alas!" replied the Marchioneſs, " all former ſentiments muſt
" be forgotten; we muſt meet no
" more, or meet as friends alone:
" regard me as the wife of the moſt
" amiable of fathers—I ever ſhall
" eſteem you as his ſon. Honour,
" duty, rectitude, and virtue, will
" aſſiſt you to ſubdue every idea
" inconſiſtent with your own cha-
" racter, and the dignity of mine."
With theſe words ſhe moved towards the door, but the Chevalier intercepted her departure, by ſinking on his knees.—" Oh irreſiſtible
" enchantreſs!"

" enchantreſs !" exclaimed he ; " I " yield to your cruel, dread, yet " juſt decree ! ſupplicating only a " ſhort interval of condeſcending " pity for the man who, in re- " ſigning you, has bid a laſt fare- " well to peace of mind."—" Alas ! " Chevalier," interrupted the Mar- chioneſs, " if the honour of Julia " is yet dear to you, detain her " not ; my erring ſteps have led " me hither — guide me to the " Caſtle, I ſhall be ſought for ; " and, unpremeditated as was this " interview, my fame may ſuffer."

" Heaven forbid!" replied Au- guſtus, ſtarting up; " No, moſt " adorable of women ! never ſhall " my fatal love reflect diſhonour

" on

" on a name ſo ſpotleſs; rather
" will I impoſe upon myſelf eter-
" nal baniſhment. When I have
" directed your return through
" yon devious path, I will tear
" myſelf from all that is precious
" to my ſoul, and retire an exile
" to this drear abode of death;
" here to adore the ſacred ſpot
" which reſtored your beauteous
" form once more to my enrap-
" tured ſight."—" No," interrupt-
ed Madame de Soiſſons, ſmiling
and moving onwards, " you ſhall
" not indulge a project ſo ſevere;
" I muſt inſiſt on your ſubmiſſion
" to the compliance I exact: fol-
" low me to the Caſtle; exert every
" effort to aſſume at leaſt a cheer-
" ful

" ful aſpect, when you receive " the embraces of your father: " let my example teach you for- " titude."

They ſilently deſcended the hill: when they reached the bottom, the Marchioneſs ſtruck out of the walk into the avenue which commanded the caſtle. She fixed on the Chevalier a look of ſweet complacency; " Remember," ſaid ſhe, " my ad- " monitions; and let diſcretion rule " your conduct." Uttering theſe words ſhe, in a moment, vaniſhed from his ſight.

He remained motionleſs; his eyes turned to the leafy fence which ſhe had penetrated, and which yet bore the ſoft impreſſion of her form.

The lovely viſion ſtill dwelt on his imagination, and he was abſorbed in her ſweet idea, till the recollected hope of ſeeing her again in reality urged his departure to the Caſtle, whither ſhe had winged her flight.

Before the Marchioneſs reached the houſe, ſhe was met by the Counteſs and Madame de Tourville, who came in ſearch of her. The interview between the ſiſters was tender: Henrietta felt all happineſs, and Julia became now ſenſible of the firſt ray of real ſatiſfaction ſhe had experienced ſince they parted. Monſieur de Senanges welcomed her arrival, and preſented to her Mademoiſelle de Neuville.

ville. Julia, ſtruck by the beauty of Leonora, received her with an enchanting grace. When they had been ſome little time aſſembled, the Chevalier entered; his father, who was prepared to ſee him, met him with open arms. During his ſolitary walk from the mauſoleum, he had been endeavouring to arm his mind with fortitude. The delightful thoughts of being admitted again into the preſence of his adored Julia, diffuſed through his heart a pleaſure to which he had long been a ſtranger. He reſpectfully approached, and welcomed her to Senanges; ſhe ſweetly bluſhed, and confeſſed how much ſhe owed to the Marquis, whoſe kind

attention to her had formed ſo agreeable an expedition. Madame de Tourville had diſcovered with regret that a meeting between theſe unfortunate lovers was become inevitable; ſhe tenderly felt for both, and dreaded their firſt interview. The ſiſter and the friend (ignorant of the preparatory rencontre in the mauſoleum) were painfully agitated at the entrance of Auguſtus; and were, conſequently, moſt agreeably ſurpriſed by the air of unconcern they each aſſumed at the ſight of each other. The Counteſs, and Madame de Tourville, thought this a flattering omen, regarding it as a convincing proof that their mutual endeavours had, in ſome degree, vanquiſhed a ſucceſsleſs love.

When

When the converſation became general, Julia ventured to caſt her eyes upon Auguſtus, from whom, during their interview in the mauſoleum, ſhe had carefully averted them. She was affected by the viſible change in his perſon; he looked pale and languid; and ſhe could diſcover, through the diſguiſe of temporary vivacity, the real dejection of his ſpirits. She found awakened ſenſibility ariſe in her boſom, and felt conſcious, notwithſtanding her virtuous conflicts, that Auguſtus was ſtill too intereſting an object. She ſecretly, and painfully, regretted the fatality that brought her into his dangerous preſence; and determined to guard,

with redoubled circumſpection, the avenues of her heart. She had too long been accuſtomed to put on the ſemblance of eaſe, while her ſoul was abſorbed in ſorrow, to find it difficult even now to conceal her agitations. She had learnt to dreſs her face in ſmiles while her mind bled with anguiſh: gratitude, honour, prudence, demanded every effort of her reſolution. Sadneſs, in the preſent circumſtance, would rouſe ſuſpicions in the breaſt of the Marquis, and encourage reviving paſſion in that of him, who ought to think himſelf forgotten by her, both for the recovery of his happineſs and the delicacy of her character. She buried therefore her

diſquietude

diſquietude in the receſſes of her boſom, — arrayed with ſatisfaction the exterior expreſſion of her countenance, and, aſſiſted by the natural ſweetneſs of her manners, was enabled to converſe with artificial gaiety.

When they ſat down to ſuppor the Chevalier placed himſelf next to Mademoiſelle de Neuville; and though he now and then ventured to direct a glance towards the Marchioneſs, yet he wiſely judged that he could better conceal the ſentiments he entertained for her, by addreſſing his converſation to Leonora; and that lovely girl, elated by his attentions, derived from them the moſt flattering hopes.

The Marchioneſs, who ſat oppoſite, could not avoid obſerving how much the Chevalier ſeemed engroſſed by Leonora, and was herſelf inclined to believe this young beauty would become her rival. Her virtue approved the transfer of his affections; but her heart felt a conſcious pang. When ſhe recollected his emotions in the mauſoleum, ſhe fancied him as much her ſlave as ever; but, when ſhe conſidered the graces of Leonora, ſhe thought them ſufficiently powerful to ſhake the conſtancy of hopeleſs love.

Auguſtus retired to his apartment with an unuſual ſerenity: the reflection that the idol of his ſoul was

was contained under the ſame roof inſpired his mind with a ſoothing ſatisfaction—to behold her!—to hear her melodious voice!—and to indulge the tranſporting idea that ſhe might ſtill honour him with a place in her heart—were ſenſations too delightful to be reſiſted. But he knew the rigid delicacy of her conduct; and, while it exalted her in his opinion, it determined him to ſhun, with caution, every word or look which could offend her virtuous reſerve. Theſe conſiderations occaſioned him to over-act his part; and, while he feared to betray his unfortunate attachment, and to incur the diſpleaſure of the Marchioneſs, he inadvertently increaſed

creaſed the tenderneſs of Leonora, and flattered her into the belief that ſhe was become the object of his affections.

The next morning, when the Marchioneſs roſe from her toilet, ſhe threw open her dreſſing-room window, and perceived the Chevalier and Mademoiſelle de Neuville returning together from the ſhady grove which had miſled her ſteps the preceding evening.

They ſeemed engaged in a converſation which appeared intereſting. Auguſtus was forming a bouquet of freſh-gathered flowers, from a baſket which hung upon the arm of his fair companion. He ſelected the moſt beautiful; and, binding them together

together with a knot of ribbands, which ſhe untied from the ſtreamers of her hat, he preſented it to her. Leonora received it with a captivating ſmile, and placed it in her boſom.

The Marchioneſs turned from the window, where ſhe had continued riveted: ſhe felt an involuntary tear ſtray down her cheek, but wiped it with diſdain; and, calling to her aid the conſcious dignity of female pride, ſhe armed herſelf with an appearance of indifference, very remote from her heart. She deſcended into the gallery, where breakfaſt waited her arrival. When the reſt of the party were aſſembled, the Cheva-

lier

lier and Mademoiſelle de Neuville entered: they paid their compliments to the Marchioneſs; ſhe received them coldly; and the noſegay attracting her eyes, ſhe darted a look of contempt upon the innocent Leonora. She was conſcious of her weakneſs, and ſecretly reproached it: the better to repreſs her agitations, ſhe affected an uncommon vivacity, which charmed the Marquis, and diffuſed an univerſal gaiety through the circle.

Auguſtus found an opportunity of gazing frequently upon his lovely mother unperceived: ſhe deigned not to beſtow one glance on him, but ſtudiouſly avoided encountering his eyes: he thought her more beautiful

beautiful than ever, and found a new faſcination in every heightened charm. — When the morning repaſt was ended, Madame de Senanges propoſed to drive the Marchioneſs through the gardens in her cabriole; ſhe aſſented, and each ſiſter was equally happy to obtain an hour's uninterrupted tête à tête.

Julia took this opportunity of confiding with her Henrietta the hiſtory of the Ducheſs de Gramont; of the affecting events of which ſhe was ignorant. She added likewiſe an account of the ſtrange fatality which had united her to the Marquis. They mutually lamented their early loſs, and paid the tributary tear of ſympathy to the

the memory of a beloved and unfortunate mother.

The ſubject of Julia's diſappointed hopes in her relinquiſhed engagement with the too amiable Auguſtus was purpoſely waved; but the Counteſs judiciouſly hinted, by way of preparation for an event ſhe ardently wiſhed, that Mademoiſelle de Neuville was obviouſly ſenſible of the Chevalier's merits, and that he appeared touched with a gratitude which promiſed warmer ſentiments.

The Marchioneſs felt conſcious of a bluſh upon her cheek, and endeavoured to ſuppreſs the riſing ſigh. She artfully, however, evaded entering into this new ſcheme, by

enlargirg

enlarging upon the virtues of the Marquis, to whoſe exalted character ſhe did ample juſtice.—Henrietta was delighted to find her Julia ſo apparently reſigned to her deſtiny, and tenderly congratulated her upon the proſpect of tranquil happineſs, which ſeemed to promiſe her more laſting pleaſures than even an union of reciprocal affections could enſure.

Again the boſom of Julia heaved a gentle ſigh; but the intruding tear, which would have betrayed a yet unvanquiſhed paſſion, was unobſerved by Henrietta.—A ſelect circle of company were expected to dine that day at the caſtle; and the Chevalier, who now no longer

ſought

ſought for the ſolitude of the mauſoleum, prepared to appear, for the firſt time, before the Baron de Neuville.

The Marchioneſs took unuſual pains to decorate her charms by every ſtudied ornament of dreſs. The pangs of jealouſy were new to her: they inſpired her with an emulation to eclipſe a rival who had robbed her of the heart ſhe had vainly thought her own. She ſecretly accuſed her lover of an inconſtancy, of which ſhe felt herſelf incapable.

When ſhe had ſacrificed as much time as ſhe thought due to her new-born vanity, ſhe met her rival with an exulting air. Leonora, armed

armed for conqueſt, appeared but too lovely! each look was animated with pleaſure, and the laughing graces triumphed in her eyes; — her attire was elegantly ſimple, and ſet off, with becoming advantage, the delicate proportion of her figure, and the captivating innocence of her aſpect. When Auguſtus entered, Julia attracted every ſenſe: her charms, more dazzling than the jewels which adorned her, ſhone with redoubled radiance.

He flew for refuge to Leonora: ſhe ſmiled with inſinuating ſweetneſs, and fixed him near her. His viſible attentions were flattering to her vanity and her love: ſhe endeavoured to ſuit his humour on every

occaſion: it was even become natural to her to feel her ſpirits in union with his: every emotion of a heart overflowing with ſenſibility varied in her features: gaiety was their predominant expreſſion. But a ſigh, a look, from the Chevalier, could in a moment melt them into tenderneſs.

The Marchioneſs could not but obſerve (what was indeed ſufficiently apparent to all) that Auguſtus and Leonora were totally engroſſed by each other: her pride was mortified, her love was wounded; but ſhe rouſed her inborn dignity to aid her in ſupporting his inconſtancy with indifference. As ſhe was moving down the room, to pay her

her compliments to ſome of the company, her robe accidentally caught in the Chevalier's buckle: he turned haſtily round to diſengage it; and, approaching her to apologize, in a low and tremulous voice,—"May I hope, Madam," ſaid he, "that the cautious con-"duct I now obſerve is ſuch as "your ſcrupulous delicacy ap-"proves?"—"I am happy, Sir, to "find," replied the Marchioneſs with a haughty air, "the taſk I im-"poſed leſs difficult than I imagin-"ed; but Mademoiſelle de Neu-"ville's attractions are, it muſt be "confeſſed, irreſiſtibly powerful." With theſe words ſhe moved from

him, ten thouſand fires darting from his expreſſive eyes.

The Chevalier was at a loſs to interpret this addreſs, or to account for the hauteur with which it was pronounced; but his diffidence inclined him to ſuppoſe he had offended her by the preſumption of touching upon a ſubject ſhe had prohibited; and he thought redoubled attentions to Leonora would mitigate her diſpleaſure.

The Marquis and the Baron de Neuville renewed that day an acquaintance commenced in the early period of their lives, having ſerved together in ſeveral campaigns. They complimented each other upon their children: the Baron approved

approved the Chevalier's figure and addreſs: the Marquis extolled the graces of Leonora; and from that period a reciprocal idea of cementing an union between their families took place in the heart of each parent.

The diſcompoſure of the Marchioneſs, when ſhe reflected upon the ſource from whence it ſprung, felt a conſiderable increaſe. She repented the ſeverity with which ſhe had anſwered the Chevalier, and reproached thoſe ſentiments which now appeared unworthy of her. When retired to her cloſet ſhe called herſelf to a ſevere account. A weak unpardonable jealouſy had for ſome moments obſcured the

ſought for the ſolitude of the matin-ſolemn, prepared to appear, for the firſt time, before the Baron de Neuville.

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at the Chateau de Soiſſons preferred retirement, at that of Senanges became the promoter of feſtivity. She found herſelf, when engaged in company, moſt ſecure from danger; and ſhe yielded to diſſipation to preſerve her more effectually from the converſe of Auguſtus. The Chevalier, from the ſtrict guard the Marchioneſs kept over her conduct, and the apparent tranquillity of her mind, began to believe that her ſentiments in his favour were effaced: and the winning attentions ſhe conſtantly paid to the Marquis confirmed him in the idea that gratitude and duty had yielded her affections to a huſband ſo truly amiable:—he envied

not

not the happineſs of ſuch a father, but breathed the ſigh of regret to the memory of that tenderneſs which Julia once confeſſed for her Auguſtus.

The Marquis de Soiſſons, upon his arrival at Senanges, had marked the dejection of Auguſtus: at firſt he conceived an opinion that his ſecond marriage had occaſioned ſome diſpleaſure from intereſted motives; but juſtice to the well-known ſentiments of his ſon, added to a more minute obſervation, changed his ideas. He ſoon diſcovered that love was the ſource of that chagrin; yet was he far from ſuſpecting its real object. Leonora's beauty and attractions naturally

naturally pointing her out as the charmer of his affections, he concluded, that the Chevalier's diffidence of his father's approbation, or that of the Baron de Neuville, might diſcourage his hopes of ſucceſs, and conſequently retard a propoſal, upon the acceptance of which depended his future happineſs. The Marquis loved Auguſtus too tenderly not to be ſolicitous to promote his wiſhes. He had ever been liberal in his allowance; and had reſerved for him, at his death, an ample ſhare of fortune, ſufficient to authorize the offer of his hand wherever the choice of his heart directed him. He obſerved, therefore, with pleaſure, the attention

tion of his ſon to Leonora; and, deceived into a belief that they were inſpired by love, and that a mutual partiality ſubſiſted in their hearts, he rejoiced at the proſpect of an union ſo likely to be propitious. He mentioned his ſuſpicions to the Marchioneſs, adding, that he judged ſo highly of the merits and endowments of Mademoiſelle de Neuville, as to believe her worthy of Auguſtus. He proceeded ſo far as to requeſt the Marchioneſs would propoſe to his ſon a marriage ſo eligible; and to aſſure him that, if Leonora was the object of his wiſhes, he might depend upon the ſanction and concurrence of his father.

This

This was a delicate circumſtance for Julia; but her prudence and reſolution vanquiſhed the ſecret objections of her mind, and ſhe undertook to plead the cauſe of rival beauty in a heart which had once been ſo tenderly attached to her; and, conſcious that his union with another would ſtrengthen her reſignation, and fortify her duty, ſhe determined to leave no plea unurged that could perſuade him to offer his vows to Leonora. She ſeized the preſent moment of heroic virtue to execute her arduous taſk, leſt the ſoft pleadings of remembered love ſhould intercept her great reſolves, and melt her into weakneſs.

She

She had ſeen Auguſtus, wrapt in apparent contemplation, deſcend the ſteps into the garden: thither ſhe followed, and traced him to the grove ſacred to their former loves. He was ſtanding fixed, with folded arms; as ſhe advanced, he beheld her with ſupriſe: accuſtomed to ſee the Marchioneſs ſtudiouſly avoid him, how was his aſtoniſhment increaſed when ſhe approached: he ſurveyed in ſilent awe and admiration her beauteous form — Julia looked viſibly embarraſſed; her countenance was impreſſed with tenderneſs and pity, and, while a bluſh animated her cheek, ſhe thus addreſſed him. "I come, Chevalier, to require a

"proof

" proof of that influence you once
" flattered me I had obtained over
" your heart."—" And never, ne-
" ver," replied he with emotion,
" can that eternal empire ceaſe—
" command me, Madam, and I will
" obey you, even at the hazard
" of my devoted life!"—A pauſe
enſued: at length, ſuppreſſing a
riſing ſigh, the Marchioneſs pro-
ceeded—" It is to render that life
" happy, and to recompenſe your
" virtues, that I now comply with
" the earneſt requeſt of your re-
" ſpected father. Leonora de Neu-
" ville is not inſenſible to the
" merits of Auguſtus; ſhe is wor-
" thy of you; reward her with your
" heart, and with the offer of your
" hand:

" hand ; complete her felicity and " ſecure your own."

Her words died upon her tongue, and ſhe ceaſed, while her whole frame was agitated by the violence of her efforts. " Ah, Madam," returned the Chevalier in a mournful accent, " and is it from your " mouth, that I am condemned to " hear ſuch a propoſal ! Why, cruel " Julia, will you aggravate my " wretchedneſs ? Is it poſſible the " man who has been once your ſlave " ſhould have a heart to beſtow " upon another ? — A heart irrevo- " cably yours !" — " Say not irrevo- " cably, Chevalier," interrupted the Marchioneſs, " reflect that a blame- " able conſtancy for her who never

" can

" can be yours is unavailing, and,
" if cheriſhed, criminal! — remem-
" ber the wife of your father, is eter-
" nally loſt to you.—Turn then your
" eyes where blooming charms,
" where gentle gratitude, and guilt-
" leſs love, ſhould lead you. — Let
" Leonora ſupplant in your affec-
" tions the wedded Julia, — and
" ſuffer her at leaſt to be the witneſs
" and promoter of your happineſs,
" —whom fate permitted not to be
" the reward of your conſtancy!—
" by all thoſe vows which once uni-
" ted our affections — by your filial
" duty — let me conjure you to
" eſpouſe her!" — " I leave you,
" Chevalier;—weigh well my argu-
" ments, — may they prevail, and
" authorize

"authorize me to bear the happy "tidings to your father; — when "next we meet, let your compli- "ance crown his wiſhes."

Intruding tears were ruſhing thro' her eyes:—ſhe turned precipitately from him: — he made no effort to detain her; but with his looks purſued her, till the windings of the grove concealed her from his view —her form had vaniſhed, but her ſweet voice ſtill ſounded in his ears! — he threw himſelf upon a ſeat, and remained buried in thought:— each accent ſhe had uttered dwelt on his imagination. Leonora appeared to his idea, and aided her petition — to receive her from the hand of Julia ſeemed to exalt her

worth, and heighten her attraction. The artleſs marks Mademoiſelle de Neuville had given him of her partiality, had impreſſed him with grateful ſentiments; and he began generouſly to conſider that the offer of his hand was due to the ſacrifice of her affections.—Julia was loſt to him for ever! — and hope was now no more! — In this propitious moment, Leonora, returning from the extremity of the grove, ſuddenly appeared, as ſhe advanced from a winding turn. — The ſight of Auguſtus faſcinated her ſteps. — She marked the expreſſion of his countenance, prepared to accoſt him either with the echoing ſigh, or the reſponſive ſmile.—The penſive Chevalier

valier ſtarted when he perceived her. — Leonora bluſhed, apologized for having intruded upon his meditations, and was moving onward, her eyes ſuffuſed with tears, when the Chevalier, touched by her emotion, and reſpectfully taking her hand, placed her by him. — The impreſſions of his heart were favourable to the wiſhes of the Marchioneſs. "The charming Leonora," ſaid Auguſtus, "was herſelf "the ſweet object of my contem- "plations. Yes, Madam, your ad- "mirable perfections, and gentle "virtues, have triumphed over a "paſſion the moſt tender! you have "known the ſituation of my heart;

" you are not ignorant that it has
" felt for another the ardent pangs
" of unſucceſsful love! — if then
" you can deign to accept all its
" remaining ſenſibility, let me
" prevail on you to receive the
" hand of Soiſſons; and ſuffer me
" to aſſure you that Leonora alone
" could have effected this change
" in my affections:—permit me to
" requeſt your father's ſanction,—
" mine has already granted his
" concurrence; ſay, — may I not
" hope that gentle pity, which
" has ſo often ſhared and ſoothed
" my ſorrows, may awaken in your
" boſom warmer ſentiments!" The eyes of Mademoiſelle de Neuville were timidly bent upon the ground:

and

and, though ſhe had flattered herſelf that the Chevalier regarded her with ſome degree of preference, yet ſhe felt herſelf totally unprepared for ſo ſudden a propoſal.

At length her voice found utterance. "If," ſaid ſhe, "the unrivalled poſſeſſion of this feeling heart "can be of moment to the reſtor-"ation of your happineſs,—it is "yours—and only yours!—Inca-"pable of artifice, and ſuperior to "diſguiſe, I acknowledge it not "inſenſible to your worth;—paint "then the graces and perfections "of that diſtinguiſhed fair, whoſe "charms could boaſt the envied "conqueſt of your firſt affections, "that, by an imitation of her vir-

" tues, I may deſerve at leaſt the " continuance of your love! — If " then parental approbation crowns " your ſuit, receive the promiſed " hand of Leonora."—She extend-ed it with unaffected ingenuouſneſs. — Auguſtus tenderly preſſing it to his lips — " Be it mine," returned he, " faireſt of women, to merit by " my gratitude this generous frank-" neſs. My life ſhall be devot-" ed to your happineſs: — nor " let that gentle boſom fear a fu-" ture rival in the affections he de-" dicates to you.—Thoſe charms, " which could have power to ſub-" due a firſt impreſſion, muſt main-" tain a laſting empire, over my " heart."——

The

The Counteſs, Marchioneſs, and Madame de Tourville, appeared at this deciſive moment advancing through the grove.—Mademoiſelle de Neuville roſe to meet them; her new lover followed her. — Julia avoided the eyes of Auguſtus, but in thoſe of Leonora ſought the confirmation of her hopes:—the mingled confuſion and obvious ſatisfaction that animated the countenance of this young beauty proved that her tête à tête with Monſieur de Soiſſons had been intereſting. As they entered the caſtle, Julia loitered in the portico, under pretence of gathering a bunch of orange flowers; — the Chevalier, ſtepping back, ſeized this oppor-

tunity of uttering the following words:

"Madam, you are obeyed, "the offered hand of Soiſſons is "accepted! — The heart, alas! "which ſhould accompany it, "was not his to give! — But you "are every way irreſiſtible — "even in your cruelties; and I "ſubmit to the chains which you "impoſe!"

The Marchioneſs was prevented anſwering, by the approach of his father, to whom Auguſtus gave place. As the Marquis aſcended the flight of ſteps, ſhe turned to him; and though ſhe felt an involuntary pang from the Chevalier's confeſſion, yet, concealing her emotion,

emotion, " My Lord," ſaid ſhe, " I have diſcharged the commiſ- " ſion with which you deigned to " honour me.—Your ſon, happy " that your approbation ſanctifies " his choice, has breathed to Ma- " demoiſelle de Neuville accepted " vows; and the concurrence of the " Baron alone is wanting to com- " plete their mutual wiſhes." — She waited not for a reply, but ruſhed into the hall, to conceal the tears which, in defiance of all her fortitude, ſtarted into her eyes. —Leonora met her at the entrance; but, full of the flattering declaration ſhe had ſo recently received, ſhe paſſed without obſerving her; and fortunately left the Marchioneſs

neſs at liberty to recover
tion before ſhe proceed
ſaloon, where the reſt of
were aſſembled.

The Marquis having
ately congratulated Au
his ſucceſs with Leonor
ing her deſcending into
quitted him with a ſm
that he reſigned him to
tereſting companion.
able father now haſten
municate to the Count
teſs the reciprocal an
attachment of the yo
They expreſſed the ſha
took in this event, and
him upon the happy
his ſon. Madame de S.

a tender look upon her ſiſter, who, addreſſing the Marquis, urged him, with an earneſtneſs that did her honour, to loſe no time in propoſing the alliance to the Baron de Neuville.—The Count promiſed to attend the Marquis the ſucceeding morning to propoſe and ſettle the preliminary articles. — When the bluſhing Leonora entered with her now acknowledged lover, Madame de Soiſſons advanced; and, taking her affectionately by the hand, expreſſed, with peculiar grace and ſweetneſs, her joy upon the occaſion. — Auguſtus appeared viſibly agitated, but exerted every effort to be gay. He did not venture to point one look at the Marchioneſs,

neſs, — he ſhunned the dangerous ſoftneſs of her eyes, and reſolutely determined to fix all his attentions on his fair miſtreſs.

The Baron de Neuville received with joy the propoſals of the Marquis. — And, as the latter expreſſed an anxiety to be witneſs of this deſired union before his return to Soiſſons, immediate preparations were made for the ceremony.

The day after the ſucceſs of this hymeneal treaty, as Julia was penſively ſeated in her dreſſing-room, the Marquis entered:—he traverſed the apartment with agitated ſteps, without appearing to regard her: a glow of diſpleaſure lowered upon the

the brow which had ever till that moment been impreſſed with benevolence and gentleneſs. Unaccuſtomed to his frown, Julia was ſeized with a tranſient dread that ſome miſrepreſentation of her conduct, from a ſecret enemy, had injured her in his opinion; but, approaching him with all the dignity of conſcious innocence, and a look of ineffable ſweetneſs, ſhe entreated him (unleſs he thought her curioſity too preſumptuous) to depoſit in her participating boſom the evident diſquietude of his. His features inſtantly varied to an expreſſion of the utmoſt tenderneſs: "Oh "my Julia," he replied, "I am "deeply wounded; the honour of

"my

" my family has received a ſtab
" from him who ought to ſupport
" it with his life!—my ſon has
" brought diſgrace upon himſelf
" and on his father." Terror and ſurpriſe ſpoke in the features of the Marchioneſs, and expreſſed themſelves in the following exclamation: " Ah, Sir, your ſon!—can
" the amiable Auguſtus have for-
" feited his title to your affection? " believe it not; ſome cruel de-
" ceiver has traduced his blameleſs
" character." — " No;" returned the Marquis, ſighing; " it is not
" Auguſtus who cauſes my diſtreſs;
" he never gave me a momentary
" anxiety, but for his happineſs.
" The Count, my elder ſon, (who,

" even

" even from his infancy, has
" planted thorns upon my pillow)
" forgetful of his birth, his duty,
" and his fame, purſues the path
" of ruin and diſgrace. He has,
" under the borrowed name of
" love, ſeduced from a convent
" the daughter of a wealthy mer-
" chant placed there for educa-
" tion. Her heart-broken father
" has applied to me for vengeance,
" or redreſs, with an ardour expreſ-
" ſive of the anguiſh of his mind.
" They have hitherto eſcaped all
" ſearch, and remain concealed
" in ſome ſequeſtered ſpot, if yet
" in France :—but, by heaven ! if
" he does her not juſtice, by im-
" mediate marriage, never will I

" admit

" admit him more into my pre-
" ſence, nor his unworthy brother,
" who, I am informed, was aider
" and abettor in his guilt."

Julia felt ſo powerfully relieved, by the aſſurance that Auguſtus was not the object of the Marquis's reſentment, that ſhe found herſelf enabled to plead the cauſe of his offending ſon with ſome degree of ſucceſs. She calmed the firſt emotions of his anger, entreating him not to yield to an opinion that the young Count would abandon the woman of his choice, and whoſe expected inheritance of large poſſeſſions might probably have been the firſt foundation of his attachment, ſince wealth was the acknowledged

knowledged paſſion of his ſoul. The Marquis was charmed with her benevolent compaſſion for a ſon unworthy of it, and who had treated them both, ſince their marriage, with the moſt culpable neglect. He promiſed, in compliance with her requeſt, to diſpatch a letter to the Count's hotel, (which would doubtleſs be forwarded to the fugitives by ſome ſecret emiſſary), enforcing their immediate union, which ſhould then be followed by parental pardon, and a cordial reception at Soiſſons, whenever the Count choſe to preſent Mademoiſelle de Sancerre as his bride. The Marquis, with this approved determination, ſought Monſieur de

Strangers, to impart to him thoſe generous propoſitions; and to concert meaſures for the diſcovery of their retreat. This amiable parent addreſſed likewiſe an immediate letter to the diſconſolate father of the young lady, conſoling him with the hopes of reſtoring to him ſoon his darling daughter, whom he would himſelf receive with cordiality as the wife of his ſon. A few days after theſe occurrences, the Marquis was rendered in ſome degree ſatisfied by the intelligence that the Count had publicly acknowledged his marriage with Mademoiſelle de Sancerre: by a few imperious lines he notified to his father this event, adding, that he thought

thought himſelf juſtified in a choice unequal to his birth, from the example ſet him by a parent, who, though in the decline of life, had been impelled by an irreſiſtible paſſion, to unite himſelf to a woman not inferior indeed in family and rank, but of an age to render the alliance totally ill-judged.

This inſolent ſarcaſm had its natural effect upon a generous mind. The indignity offered to himſelf he regarded with the contempt it merited, but the reflection caſt on the Marchioneſs, by drawing a parallel between her and Mademoiſelle de Sancerre, rouſed him to ſome ſenſe of reſentment. As that ſubſided, wounded ſenſibility ſuc-

ceeded; and he bewailed the hardneſs and ingratitude of a heart incapable of ſuch depravity of ſentiment! — he confided his griefs in the breaſt of Monſieur de Senanges, whoſe ſtrength of judgment and impartial friendſhip made him a deſirable adviſer. — He entreated the Marquis to affect a total indifference to the conduct of his ſon. "Alas!" replied he — "it muſt "indeed be an aſſumed inſenſibi- "lity! — I feel like a father and "a man! — depravity of manners "and corrupted morals in a child "are ſources of miſery to the hu- "man heart! — but, Count, what- "ever are my ſufferings, I will not "wound the boſom of the moſt

"perfect

" perfect of women with my una-
" vailing regrets, or damp the ap-
" proaching feſtivity by a brow of
" care!"—" May your Auguſtus,"
returned Monſieur de Senanges,
" whoſe virtues are as exemplary
" as the vices of his brothers are a-
" trocious, make you ſome amends
" for the diſappointment of your
" hopes in them, and render your
" future life moſt happy." — The
entrance of the Counteſs changed
the ſubject to that of the hymeneal
preparations for the union of Leo-
nora and Auguſtus.

When the deciſive day was fixed,
Madame de Tourville tenderly queſ-
tioned the Marchioneſs, whether ſhe
could be ſufficiently miſtreſs of her

ſeelings to be a ſpectator of the approaching ceremony?—Julia, fixing a look of calm determination on her friend, accompanied by a faint ſmile,—"You little know," ſaid ſhe, "the extent of that empire "I have been enabled to obtain "over my own heart!"—"Hea-"ven," continued ſhe, raiſing her expreſſive eyes, "has vouchſafed "to hear my fervent prayer; it "has aſſiſted my ſincere endea-"vours to vanquiſh a ſenſibility "inconſiſtent with the ſacred cha-"racter of a wife!—what would "my abſence, on this occaſion, "imply, but a diſtruſt of myſelf "to thoſe who have known my "weakneſs,—and to him who

"cauſed

" cauſed it, — a conſcious avowal
" of its continuance? — My cou-
" rage, in every event of my life,
" has ſupported me through its
" trials, nor will it now forſake
" me — ſhe who could yield to the
" father her reluctant hand, is
" capable of beholding (without
" an emotion unworthy of her)
" the vows of his ſon devoted to
" another! — Auguſtus has been
" long eternally loſt to me; and
" ſhall I regret that he has once
" more a view of ſocial felicity! —
" May the unfortunate affection he
" once bore to me be transferred
" to the happier Leonora — and,
" oh! may ſhe reward his vir-
" tues, and love him with an at-

" tachment ſtrong as that of Julia " would have been had fate de- " creed our union. — Bleſs them " all-gracious Providence!" (ſinking on her knees, and claſping her uplifted hands) " Crown them with " encreaſing benefits! — may their " revolving years be winged with " added joys! and every halcyon " day be dearer than the paſt!"

The animation of her feelings had ſo exhauſted her, that ſhe ſunk upon a ſofa, where a ſoft ſhower of tears relieved her oppreſſed heart.

Madame de Tourville beheld, with admiration, the heroic virtue of her exalted Julia, who ſoon recovered from her emotions, and appeared again reſtored to calm reflection

flection and ſerene content.—A few days previous to the ceremony the Marchioneſs preſented, at her lord's requeſt, a ſet of fine jewels to Leonora, which ſhe received with viſible delight.

The Counteſs found her quite abſorbed in contemplating theſe glittering ornaments: and having remarked, for ſome days, that her young heart ſeemed intoxicated with the flattering proſpects that ſurrounded her, ſhe took this opportunity of gently cautioning her conduct upon her approaching entrance into life.

Leonora bluſhed, but thanked her for ſo kind a mark of friendſhip

ſhip with an indifference that proved it irkſome and unwelcome.

Henrietta diſcovered, with concern, that there was a volatility in her compoſition which did not promiſe thoſe attentions to propriety ſo neceſſary in a female character—the innocence of her mind, as yet, however untainted by the world, made her hope much from her unqueſtioned attachment to Auguſtus; and ſhe flattered herſelf that the natural tenderneſs of her diſpoſition would counteract the impulſes of pride, and the dangerous allurements of vanity.

Mademoiſelle de Neuville attended her father to his houſe the day preceding that fixed upon for her marriage,

marriage, and her noble friends were to accompany the Chevalier to the Baron's at the appointed hour.

Julia had avoided every opportunity of meeting the Chevalier alone, ſince ſhe had prevailed upon him to offer his hand to Leonora: but, upon the nuptial morn, he ſurpriſed her by his appearance in the Counteſs's dreſſing-room, who had quitted her but a moment before to ſeek for the Count in the adjoining library,—he entered with a gloomy air; and, caſting round his eyes, he perceived the Marchioneſs in a penſive attitude, reclined upon a ſofa — ſhe ſtarted — bluſhed — turned pale—and could not conceal the evident tumult of her mind—he fixed

fixed upon her a penetrating look—and a ſigh iſſued from his boſom—at length, in a faultering accent, he broke ſilence with theſe words:

"This day, Madam, obedient "to your commands, I become a "ſlave!—the preſent hour is the "laſt of my liberty,—and, oh! "lovelieſt of women! to be juſt "to Leonora, the image of Julia "muſt be baniſhed from my "breaſt!—the cruel ſentence paſſed "from your reſiſtleſs lips—it con-"demned my hand to bondage "and my heart to falſehood!— "while my vows were not another's, "it was no crime to love you;— "my ſoul ſtill free, was guiltleſs in adoring

" adoring you !—but now, that the
" hour of captivity approaches, my
" fatal paſſion ſhould expire ! —
" Yet, alas, interwoven with my
" deſtiny, it can end but with my
" life !" — The Marchioneſs was ſtrongly affected — ſhe looked unutterable woe ! and melted into tears —he ſaw her emotion, and, ſinking on his knees, his anxiety to reſtore her peace of mind brought reaſon to his aid.—" Pardon, pardon," cried he, " angelic Julia, the pre-
" ſumptuous Soiſſons ! — Oh hear
" him, when he ſwears to wound
" your ears no more with his un-
" hallowed paſſion !—Your divine
" example ſhall enſure my grati-
" tude and conſtancy to the wife whom

" whom you have choſen me!—
" farewell — when next we meet
" it will be at the altar—there you
" ſhall be witneſs to the mutual
" vows that unite my future deſtiny
" to Leonora; honour and virtue
" ſhall ſecure my faith and ſanctify
" the will of heaven."—He aroſe—
the Marchioneſs ſmiled approbation through her tears, and had only time to utter theſe words before the Counteſs entered. — " Go then,
" Chevalier, be virtuous, and be
" happy!—go,—and, by your at-
" tachment to ſo amiable a bride,
" render yourſelf worthy the con-
" queſt of her heart!"

At the appointed hour the nuptial cavalcade arrived at the Baron de

de Neuville's, who welcomed them with a father's heart-felt joy. He led his blooming daughter to Auguſtus, aſſuring him that the gift he then preſented was the moſt precious gift he could beſtow. Attired by the hand of elegance, and glowing with radiant beauty, ſhe looked enchantingly lovely. The Chevalier received the hand of Leonora with a look of reſpectful tenderneſs; and, leading her to the altar, pronounced thoſe vows he was determined moſt ſacredly to fulfil. A ſuperb entertainment ſucceeded the nuptial ceremony; the delighted Baron diſtinguiſhed the day by every demonſtration of joy: in the evening

the

the Marquis and Marchioneſs returned with the Count and Counteſs to Senanges, having promiſed the Chevalier and his fair bride to be early in the renewal of their viſit. Not a day during the following week paſſed without this illuſtrious party meeting either at the Count's or Baron's, till the morning arrived which was fixed for the departure of the Marquis and Marchioneſs de Soiſſons. Henrietta and Julia ſeparated with their uſual regret; but the latter returned to her caſtle, better reſigned to her deſtiny than ſhe had quitted it; perſuaded that the Chevalier was united to a woman who adored him, and who ſeemed formed to make

make him happy : ſhe endeavoured to acquire from theſe reflections a ſtrengthened conſolation : ſhe attempted to efface from her heart the remembrance that he had once been her lover : alas ! ſhe but deceived herſelf by an ideal conqueſt over an attachment which could ceaſe alone with her exiſtence.

END OF VOL. I.

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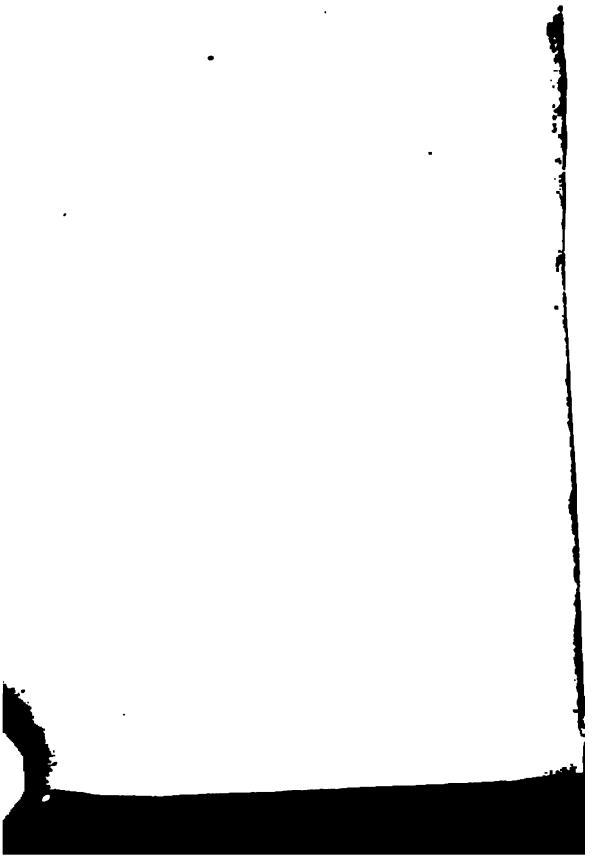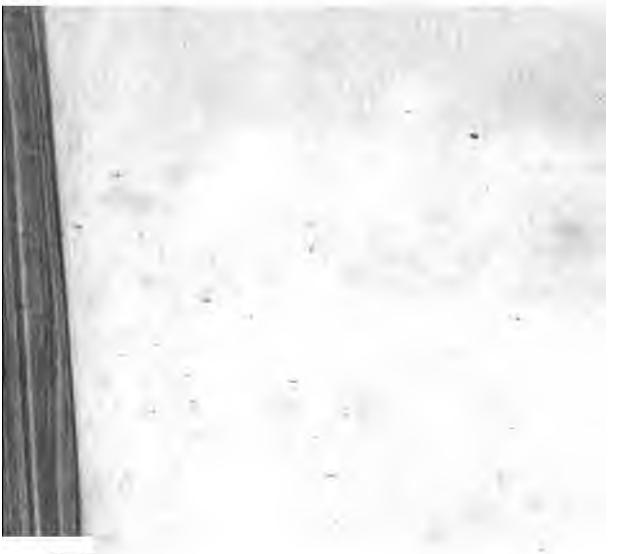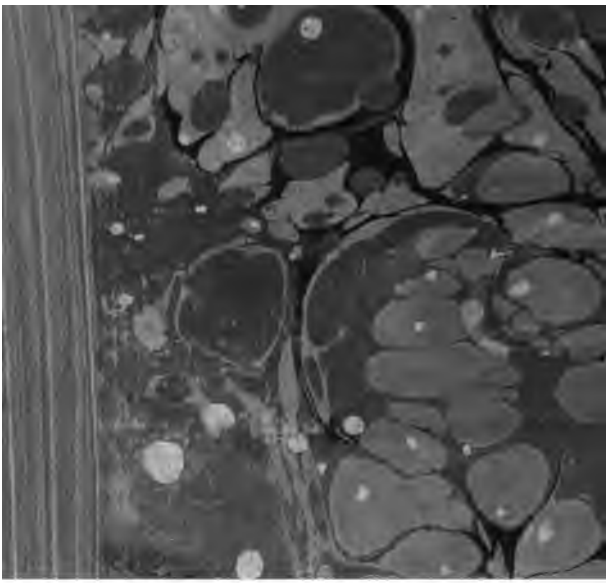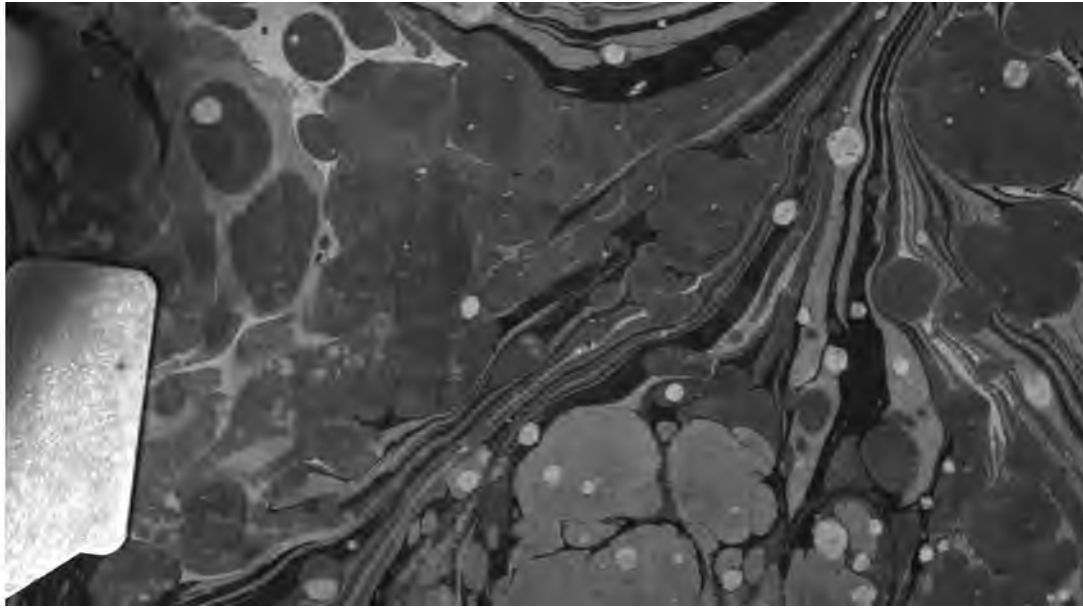
Page	Line	
31	1	*for* remembrane *read* remembrance.
33	3	*inſert a* comma *after* remember, *and dele the* comma *after* too.
80	13	*dele the word* friend.
82	1	*after* ſame *inſert* time.
136	3	*for* viſible *read* viſibly.
162	6	*for* of *read* in.
163	10	*for* or *read* nor.
192	11	*omit the firſt* c *in* ecclairciſſement.
192	11	*for* gave *read* ſhould give.
195	7	*for* dilemna *read* dilemma.
203	4	*omit the* e *in* immoveable.
239	18	*omit the* e *in* blameable.